

The Daily Mirror.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

One Penny.

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Colourings, and Materials.

Exclusive Models received Daily from Paris.

Original Motor and Travelling

Gowns, Cloaks, and Coats.

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STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES.

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On MONDAY NEXT and throughout the week,

SPECIAL SALE

OF DRESS FABRICS, DELAINES, BLOUSE FLANNELS,
FLANNELETTES, AND UNDERSKIRTS, at 40 per cent.
off regular prices.

3,000 yards Blouse Muslins for evening wear, 2½d.
usual price 6½d. yard.
1,000 yards Sain Laine and French Flannels,
1s. 6½d. Half-price.
300 yards Moriette Skirting, 3½d. yard. Half-
price.
50 pieces Blouse Flannelettes, French designs,
3½d. yard. Half-price.
60 pieces Stripe Flannel, 6½d. yard. Half-
price.
90 pieces Mousseline Delainé, 6½d. yard. Half-
price.
180 yards Knoppe Tweeds, 56in., 1s. 6½d. yard.
Half-price.
2,000 yards Black Dress Fabrics, 1s. 6½d. yard.
Usual price, 2s. 6½d.
90 Unmade Robes, Black and Colored, 12s. 11d.
worth 21s.
300 Moraine and Silkoline Underskirts, all one
price, 3s. 11½d. Usual price, 6s. 11d.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

Special Value and Variety in Ladies' Furs.
Stoles and Muffs in Sable, Moleskins, Persian,
Lamb, Fox, Bear, Marmot, &c.
Exclusive styles at City prices.

MANTLES and COATS.

Fur Coats, in Caracul, Marmot, Squirrel, &c., from
2 to 30 guineas.
Fur-lined Coats 20s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Cloth and Tweed Coats 18s. 11d. to 5 guineas.
Silk and Plush Coats and Mantles 2½ to 7½ guineas.
An opportunity to acquire Fashionable Winter
Wraps and Furs at exceptionally moderate
prices.

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Longcloths,

Nainsooks, Cambrics,

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Horrockses' name on each Sheet.

Flannelettes

of the highest quality.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

And as purchased by

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.I.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, ETC., ETC.

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CARRIAGES IN LONDON . . .

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COMPANY, LIMITED,

NIAGARA, LONDON, S.W.

EVERYONE IS BUYING THEM BECAUSE :

- THEY ARE CHEAPER THAN HORSES.
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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON

GREAT EXTENSION OF SHOWROOMS

FOR

BEDROOM FURNITURE

INEXPENSIVE BEDROOM FURNITURE

The "OTWAY" Bedroom Suite £9 15 0

"DAILY MIRROR" SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FREE.



THE "OTWAY" BEDROOM SUITE is in Fumed Oak, and comprises a Wardrobe with Mirrored Door and Glass Panels; a convenient Washstand with Marble Top, Tiled Back, roomy Cupboard, and Towel Rods; Dressing Chest with Large Landscape Mirror and Three Long Drawers; Two strong Rush-seated Chairs, £9 15 0. This Bedroom Suite is of Extraordinary Value, and can only be produced at this price by making in large numbers—say 500 at one time.

MAPLE & CO

Mr. W. H. SMITH'S ADVICE TO LADIES.

Writing to his sister during the year 1884 this remarkable man of business penned a sentence worthy of note as coming from one of so much experience:—

"If there is one thing people ought to insist on more than another, it is that all deeds and papers referring to their property should be in their own possession, instead of leaving them with their lawyers."

THE NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT CO., of 1, QUEEN VICTORIA-ST., MANSION HOUSE, E.C., offers every facility for the following of this very sound advice, while the annual cost is trifling. Access to the Private Safes (from One Guinea a year) can be had at all times, and the security afforded is such as cannot be obtained under any other system.

Special rooms for ladies.



Great Reduction in the Price of a Remarkable Floor Covering.

TRELOAR'S Inlaid Linoleum.

WILL NOW BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND AT THE FOLLOWING GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Roll 6ft. wide, containing 12½ square yards	£1 10 0
Roll 6ft. wide, containing 25 square yards	£2 18 0
1 Roll 6ft. wide, containing 50 square yards	£5 15 0

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS
Samples on Application.

The Pattern on this Linoleum is NOT Printed; it is Inlaid. It Never Wears off; it Never looks Shabby.

TRELOAR,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Catalogue of Floor Coverings Free.

Telgrams: TRELOAR, LONDON. Tel-phone 5044 Bank.

PERFECTION NOW ATTAINED IN AMERICAN FOOTWEAR.

AMERICAN BOOTS with SOLES of ENGLISH BARK TANNED LEATHER can only be obtained of

The AMERICAN SHOE CO.,

169, Regent Street, London, W.,
AND BRANCHES.

They are the Largest Importers in the World, and their Goods are Manufactured by the best Makers. Their Patent Leather Boots are made from the finest quality

"CORONA COLT."

This Leather is soft as Kid. It is as bright as Patent Calf, and will wear double the time of any other Patent Leather on the Market.

NEWEST SHAPES.

FINEST WORKMANSHIP.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.

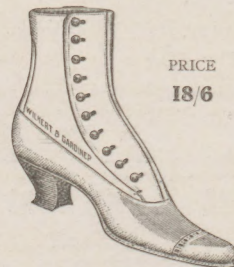
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.



PRICE
16/6

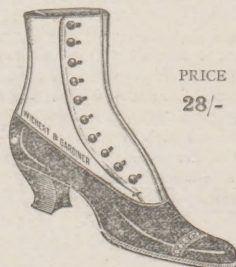
"CORONA COLT" is by far the Best Patent Leather on the market. It is soft as Kid, and wears twice as long as any other make of patent leather.

GLACE KID OXFORD SHOE.
Heavy Sole, Full Medium Toe, Square Heel.



PRICE
18/6

Fine Quality GLACE KID Button or Lace BOOTS, Heavy Sole.



PRICE
28/-

OUR LATEST "CORONA COLT" Boots, Button and Lace. Best quality.

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LONDON—373, Strand, W.C.	CORK—45, Patrick Street.	LEEDS—55, Boar Lane.
" 119, Cheapside, E.C.	" CROYDON—28, High Street.	LIVERPOOL—31, Church St.
" 118, Westbourne Gr., W.	" DUBLIN—70, Grafton Street.	MANCHESTER—Deansgate Ar.
BATH—32, Milcom Street.	" EDINBURGH—102, Princes St.	PLYMOUTH—49, George St.
BELFAST—19-21, Wellington Pl.	" GLASGOW—55, Buchanan St.	RICHMOND(Sur.)—13, George St.
BRISTOL—62, Park Street.	" LEXINGTON—102, The Parade.	

All Letter Orders to be sent to Head Depot: 169, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

An Illustration from New Booklet, "DISTINCTIVE FURNISHING," Post Free.

"Chatterfield" Settee, Adjustable Ends, Length, 7ft. open. Covered in Cretonne. The Quintessence of Comfort. Carriage Paid, £5 10s.

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Furniture, Upholstery, Carpets.



&c., &c.

SMART, EFFICIENT AND INEXPENSIVE.

Write for Large Illustrated Catalogue. Thousands of designs, with Estimates and Sketches, for completely Furnishing the Home at stated sums. Special Reductions during Rebuilding.

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KEEP IN WITH THE LADIES.

This is our one object. If we can save them trouble and help them to please their husbands' palates we are satisfied. So we provide "St. Ivel" Dainty Puddings, which are delicious, cheap, and most easy to prepare. And we save them the great bother of making Puddings for Christmas, by supplying "St. Ivel" Christmas Plum Puddings, ready cooked in basins, unequalled in flavour and quality. And as the best after all, we make "St. Ivel Cheese," which is mild as milk, rich as cream, and a perfect digester.

All sold by Grocers everywhere.

GOLD MEDAL, DAIRY SHOW, LONDON, 1903.

If your Grocer does not stock them, we will send post free as sample, 3 Dainty Puddings for 1/-, 1 Christmas Pudding for 1/6, 1 St. Ivel Cheese for 9d., or the lot for 3/-. together with some St. Ivel novelties.

SPECIAL CONSIGNMENTS PACKED FOR THE COLONIES.

Address: APLIN & BARRETT, Ltd., YEOVIL (etc.).

[NAME THIS PAPER]

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Easterly breezes; cold and dry; sunny at times; foggy intervals inland.

Lighting up time for all vehicles, 5.23.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, smooth to moderate; North Sea and Irish Channel, smooth.

The Daily Mirror.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1903. 31st Day of Year. 54 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	Nov.					Dec.
Sun. ...	8	15	22	29	...	6
Mon. ...	9	16	23	30	...	7
Tues. ...	10	17	24	8
Wed. ...	11	18	25	9
Thurs. ...	12	19	26	10
Fri. ...	13	20	27	11
Sat. ...	7	14	21	28	...	12

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

An Alarming Prospect.

An apparently innocent, but really very alarming letter was written to the *Times* newspaper yesterday by Mr. G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S. "Two very large and rather compact spots on the sun," he says, "are now visible near the centre of the solar disc. I saw them easily to-day with an opera glass . . . *The sun is evidently in an active condition.* What this portends I will not presume to suggest."

We, however, not being members of the Royal Astronomical Society, may be less diffident. What this unpleasant activity on the part of the sun portends, what it is already causing, is only too apparent. Just as its recent disturbances have indicated the most distressing pervasions of the weather, so these latest sunspots, unless we are vastly mistaken, are the indications and causes of that disagreeable passion for work and labour which has lately been consuming the population of this country. In the whole of the Fiscal agitation (in which we should be sorry to appear otherwise interested), the bait has been held out to the country that there will be an increase of labour, and more work to be done. And Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opponents are no less eloquent in proving that unless his proposed policy be defeated there will be less for the working man to do. Lord GOUGHEN was (from his own point of view) so ill-advised as to point out in his speech yesterday afternoon that the policy of protection was threatening production, or, in other words, threatening to make the day of the working man a little shorter and lighter. And we observe that at a conference upon the "unemployed problem," held under the auspices of the Christian Social Brotherhood, a number of eminent divines agreed to the formation of a fund which was to be devoted to so curious a purpose as the procuring of a piece of waste land; upon which applicants for labour might be set to work.

One would think, to hear these gentlemen talk, that there was not work enough in the world already, and that the sole end of life was the indulgence in harder and still harder labour. They seek to justify their folly by the cunning device of suggesting that the increase of work is to the end of an increase of prosperity. Unless we are mistaken, these gentlemen are handsomely deceiving themselves. We should be sorry to neglect the teachings of science; and it is more than obvious to us that, in common with hundreds of thousands of their less enlightened countrymen, they have been affected by the reverberations from a sun which has changed its character, and is, as Mr. CHAMBERS tells us, becoming almost indecently active.

Surely this is a situation in which men and women who pretend to a better quality of intelligence should strive to retain a philosophic calm. Our economies may be questioned, but we shall be in no small degree astonished if our common-sense is impugned, when we say that what the world wants is a little less labour, a little less activity, and a little more of the truest kind of prosperity. The manner in which this is to be obtained is a matter for mere clerical experts; we do not wish to distress our readers by any commercial details. Long may the bright surface of the *Daily Mirror* be unblemished by any such sordid reflections! The calm philosophy of the matter is our own concern; and that, unless we deceive ourselves, lies in a resistance of the effect of sun spots, a discouragement of all but the most necessary labour, and a general inclination towards what the ancient philosopher described as "the forsaking of works."

Court Circular.

Sandringham, Nov. 6.
Professor Tuxen arrived at Sandringham to-day.

Marlborough House, Nov. 6.
This morning the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in time of War, at the Foreign Office.

The Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, equerry-in-waiting, drove from Marlborough House in a closed carriage at four o'clock yesterday afternoon to Liverpool-street. On arrival H.R.H. was received by Mr. Drury, superintendent of the line of the Great Eastern Railway, and Mr. Ellis, the assistant superintendent. The Prince travelled in a Royal saloon attached to the 4.30 Cambridge express to Wulferton, which was reached at 7.25. Subsequently the Prince left for York Cottage, Sandringham.

The Princess of Wales, attended by Lady Mary Lygon, will join the Prince this afternoon.

Her Royal Highness will leave Marlborough House at 11.35 this morning, and will travel from St. Pancras by the noon-day express to Wulferton.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, attended by Captain Probert, returned to Kensington Palace just before four o'clock yesterday afternoon from Huyton.

A list of honours conferred in celebration of the King's Birthday will be published on Monday next.

The King has given to the British Museum a fine coloured papyrus of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which was discovered at Thebes.

It was announced at the Marlborough Chapel on Sunday last that, in future, service there would be at ten instead of eleven o'clock in the morning. It is understood that the change is due to an intention on the part of the King and Queen to discontinue attendance there while in London, and to use instead their own private chapel at Buckingham Palace, which has recently been renovated for that purpose.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

WAR OFFICE REFORM.

APPOINTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THREE.

NAMES OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED.

The announcement the *Daily Mirror* was able exclusively to make on Monday as to the appointment of a Committee of three to consider the question of the War Office has now been officially confirmed.

The official message is in these words: "The Prime Minister, with the King's approval, and after consultation with the Secretary for War, has appointed a Committee to advise as to the creation of a Board for the Administrative business of the War Office, and as to the consequential changes thereby involved."

"The names of the Committee are:—

"Viscount Esher, K.C.B. (chairman).

"Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, G.C.B.

"Col. Sir George Sydenham Clarke, R.E., K.C.M.G."

The appointment of this Committee is, as we said on Monday, a practical recognition of the severe criticism of the Commission which examined into the management of the South African war, and its work will be, we are told, to advise the Government on the question of creating an Administrative Board to secure the highest efficiency at the War Office. Whether the Board when created will be given by the Government such powers and authority to bring about the necessary sweeping reforms needed in Pall Mall is another matter; but so far the composition of the new Committee is admirable.

Viscount Esher was the member of the Royal Commission on the South African war who made several important suggestions in connection with War Office reform. His lordship, who has recently been in close consultation with the Prime Minister, has had considerable experience of Government departmental work. He has been a Permanent Secretary of the Office of Works, and while occupying that post bore a leading part in many schemes for modernising and equipping various Government departments.

Admiral Sir John Fisher is a well-known expert in naval matters, and after serving as one of the Lords of the Admiralty was recently appointed to the Portsmouth command.

Sir Sydenham Clarke is the Governor of Victoria, and was formerly engaged at the War Office, during which time he acted as Secretary to the Hartington Commission.

LONDON VICAR'S INCOME.

WHERE THE COUNTRY PARSON HAS AN ADVANTAGE.

In our issue of yesterday we drew attention to the sad case of a London vicar, the Rev. George Villiers Briscoe, of St. Benet's, Kentish Town, who, having to support a wife and six children on a stipend of £120 a year, had run into debt. The Poor Clergy Relief Association is willing to pay off a portion of the vicar's liabilities, provided he can find friends who will meet his remaining obligations.

Judge Bacon, before whom the vicar appeared on Thursday, has allowed him an additional two months wherein to find the wherewithal to satisfy his creditors. The amount of the reverend gentleman's liabilities is not stated.

But even at £120 a year the Rev. Mr. Briscoe is not so badly off as parsons go, as upwards of one-half of the clergy have incomes that are well below £200 a year. The London parson, however, is very different from his colleague in the country. Living is dear in town, but the country parson has the additional advantage that he can usually devote several acres to light farming. His eggs are laid for him by his own poultry; he keeps bees and often a cow; and he usually grows his own vegetables. The country parson is therefore a substantial Sybarite compared with the vicar of St. Benet's, Kentish Town, whose Sunday dinner is described as consisting of "dry bread and tea."

DUKE OF NORFOLK'S BANQUET.

The Mayors of Sussex—representing eleven boroughs—were entertained last night at dinner in the great baronial hall of Arundel Castle by the Duke of Norfolk, who is himself the chief magistrate of one of the boroughs, Arundel.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

The Queen has consented to become the first lady governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The German Emperor's Meteor is expected to take part in the ocean yacht race next spring.

Unveiling a statue to Prince Christian Victor, receiving the freedom of the borough, and inspecting a number of Indian veterans, Lord Roberts spent a busy day at Windsor yesterday.

Dr. J. N. Langley, F.R.S., succeeds Sir Michael Foster as professor of physiology at Cambridge University.

Sir Alfred Bateman, Controller-General of the commercial, labour, and statistical department of the Board of Trade, is retiring after forty years' service, and Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith will succeed him.

Twenty policemen were injured at Lyons yesterday by members of a labor demonstration.

Though much is expected from Dr. Schmidt's new serum treatment for cancer, it cannot be spoken of at present as a cure.

Mrs. Bullock Workman and her guides have broken the world's climbing record by attaining an altitude of 23,175 feet in the Himalayas.

Madame d'Esperance, the remarkable medium, explained last night before a large audience of spiritualists at the Royal Society of British artists how spirits materialise.

The New Zealand House of Representatives has finally decided to contribute £40,000 towards the maintenance of the Australasian naval squadron.

Mrs. Vesta McAvo, known on the music-hall stage as "Vesta Victoria," was yesterday granted a decree nisi from her husband, who is acting manager of the Euston Palace of Varieties.

The "Daily Mirror's" announcement, in the first number, of the appointment of a Committee of three to consider the question of War Office reform was officially confirmed yesterday.

Two spectators watched the assembling of the members of the reconstructed Cabinet, which met for the first time yesterday at the Foreign Office. Mr. Gerald Balfour was the only absentee from the meeting, which lasted two hours.

The Duke of Devonshire will preside and Lord Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will speak at a mass meeting of the Free Food League at Queen's Hall on the 24th.

The "Gazette" announces that the King has recommended for election on Monday to the See of Manchester the Right Rev. E. A. Knox, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Coventry.

On Friday next those responsible for the prosecution of Mr. Whitaker Wright will be called upon to show cause why the case should not be moved from the Central Criminal Court to the High Court.

At a cordial interview between the Pope and Archbishop Bourne yesterday, his Holiness inquired minutely concerning the new cathedral at Westminster.

Forty men and two guns of the Garrison Artillery, and fifty men of the 23rd Bombay Rifles, left Aden for the Mullah's territory yesterday with a convoy of ammunition.

The collapse of the Athenaeum at Mula, Spain, killed nine persons and injured over twenty.

It is now believed that the murderer of Sagouni is not the assassin who shot the two Armenians at Peckham on Wednesday afternoon.

As participants in the naval boiler trials, the cruisers *Medea* and *Medusa* left Gibraltar for England at full speed yesterday.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The Court.
The Princess of Wales goes to York Cottage, Sandringham.

Social Functions.
Mrs. A. J. Warden entertains "L'Entente Cordiale" this afternoon at 23, Sussex-square, Hyde Park.
A private view of Mr. Mortimer Menpes's Collection of Whistler's Etchings at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester-square.

To-day's Weddings.
Captain Sir William Stewart Dick Cunyngnam, Bart., of Prestonfield, and Miss Evelyn Fraser, of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, at 2 p.m.
Mr. Herbert Pye Smith Devitt, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.R.C.P. Lond., of Theobald House, Rochester, third son of Mr. T. L. Devitt, of Sandlea, Datchet, near Windsor, and Miss Roberta Mary, elder daughter of the late Major J. G. Anderson, Royal Irish Fusiliers, at St. Philip's Church, Kensington.

Racing.
Lingfield.

General.
Lord Rosebery at Leicester.
New Vagabond Club (Ladies' Night)—Dinner, Criterion, 7.

Music.
Kubelik at the Crystal Palace, 3.30.
Saturday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, 3.
Chappell Ballad Concert, Queen's Hall, 3.
Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 3.

Theatres.
"Adelphi," "La Signora Dalle Canelle," 2.30.
"Apollo," "The Girl from Kay's," 2 and 8.
"Avenue," "Dolly Varden," 2.30 and 8.30.
"Comedy," "The Climbers," 2.30 and 8.30.
"Criterion," "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.
"Daly's," "A Country Girl," 2 and 8.
"Drury Lane," "The Flood Tide," 2 and 8.
"Duke of York's," "Letty," 2 and 8.
"Gaiety," "The Orchid," 2 and 8.
"Garrick," "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.
"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.
"His Majesty's," "King Richard II.," 2.15 and 8.15.
"Imperial," "Monsieur Beaucaire," 2.30 and 8.30.
"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.
"New Theatre," "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace," 3 and 8.55.
"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 8.
"Queen's (Small Hall)," "The Follies," 3.15.
"Royal Court," "The Tempest," 8.30.
"Royalty," "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," 8.15.
"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.
"St. James's," "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.
"Strand," "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.
"Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.
"Vaudeville," "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.
"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

GREAT CAMPAIGN FUND.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN APPEALS FOR
£50,000.

BLOWS IN THE FISCAL STRIFE.

A circular signed by Mr. Chamberlain was issued yesterday by the Imperial Tariff Committee. After reciting the circumstances in which the committee was formed it sets out the ultimate purposes of its policy under three heads—

- (1) The removal of artificial restrictions on the freedom of international trade.
- (2) Freer trade within the British Empire.
- (3) The Federation of the Empire on the basis of commercial reciprocity.

The circular then appeals for a great fund of £50,000 to carry on the campaign. The fact that all promised subscriptions may be paid in four yearly instalments, incidentally shows, perhaps, how long Mr. Chamberlain expects the fight to last. It is announced that ten subscriptions of £1,000 have already been received.

"THE GREAT PROTAGONIST."

Thick and fast come the speeches of the fiscal campaign. Mr. Chamberlain, Wednesday; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Thursday; Lord Goschen, Friday. Speaking to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce yesterday, Lord Goschen said he stood there as "alive to modern thoughts and the facts of the day, conversant with all the trend of commerce, and the great protagonist of Protection."

This somewhat grandiloquent opening was followed by a closely reasoned speech, the points of which may be gathered from these extracts—

Mr. Chamberlain promised no perceptible increase of cost; there were many real things that were not perceptible.

Supposing a man exported £20 worth of beads to Africa, and in return imported £1,000 worth of ivory, was that bleeding to death?

He could not allow his audience the tingling pleasure of feeling that we were in a permanent decline.

Trust were the children of Protection, they could not live where the foreigner was free to enter to prevent a community being fleeced.

From the Fence to the Pinnacle.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has quitted the fence, and ascended a pinnacle of conscious virtue. Speaking at Meigle (on his own dunhill, as Mr. F. C. Gould would call it), he said the late conduct of the Government was "an unexampled and unprecedented scandal. They had not been used to see public affairs dealt with by manoeuvres borrowed from some cunning game of cards, but were accustomed to straightforward dealing and honest language."

The Position of India.

Sir Mancherjee Bhownagree, M.P., having written to Mr. Chamberlain asking how India is to be affected by his scheme, Mr. Chamberlain has replied that he purposely omitted reference to India as he had had no opportunity of acquainting himself with the opinion of the Government of India or any representative authority.

THE PRINCE DESIGNS A STAMP.

The Prince of Wales, who is an ardent stamp-collector, has entered the ranks of craftsmen by designing the new Canadian stamp. The "London Philatelist" says that the design "for harmony, boldness, and simplicity, has assuredly not been excelled by any hitherto issued stamps of the British Empire," and expresses the hope that the Prince may co-operate in the production of new stamps for the Mother-country, an event which is said to be engaging the attention of the authorities.

The Prince will show some of his stamps at an exhibition of the Philatelic Society shortly.

MUSIC'S ADDED CHARMS.

Only the other day a racehorse, which had hopelessly lost its form was restored by the aid of a musical-box; now human patients are to receive the same treatment.

For some time past experiments have been made in various hospitals in St. Petersburg with the object of ascertaining the effect produced by music upon sick persons. The result is to prove that music has a calming tendency on patients, and also distinctly promotes the healing process. For the first time a practical application of this discovery will be made in the recently-completed Imperial Clinical Institute.

VISIT OF THE KING OF ITALY.

It is announced at Portsmouth that the King and Queen of Italy will be greeted on their arrival there by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who will travel with them to Windsor. Four cruisers and eight destroyers are to escort the King's yacht, Victoria and Albert, with the Royal couple aboard, from Cherbourg. The escort will leave for Cherbourg on the night of Sunday, the 15th inst.

THE TERROR AT PECKHAM.

SAGOUNI'S ASSASSIN SUPPOSED TO BE
STILL ALIVE.

One important fact stands out in to-day's news with regard to the Armenian murders at Peckham. The Alfarist assassin, Yangi, who killed the two Hentchakists, Grigorian and Izmirian, and shot himself, is no longer supposed to be identical with the man who was responsible for the murder of Mr. Sagouni. Sagouni's slayer is supposed to be still at large, and the police are said to have reliable clues as to his identity.

The terror among the Hentchakist Armenians is the greater from the knowledge of these facts. They believe that the vengeance of their enemies will not be satiated until at least two others, known to have been doomed to death by the remorseless foe, have been removed. One is understood to be Karapetian, who escaped on Wednesday, though his death was the principal object sought, and Grigorian and Izmirian were killed merely because they were in his company.

Meanwhile poor harmless middle-class Peckham, so strangely the scene of this drama of terror, is affrighted at the prospect of further tragedy, and there is talk of approaching the Home Secretary for special police protection. No one cares to take the lead, however, for fear of being made the mark of vengeance.

It is said that one of the Armenians summoned to the inquest has received a letter threatening his life, and the coroner is taking special precautions to keep the court clear of possible assassins.

"SILLY BIT OF SWAGGER."

Exceed the twelve-mile limit on your motor in Hyde Park and you are fined £2 and 2s. costs. Dash through at thirty miles an hour and you pay £3 and costs, go at terrific pace and it costs £5—or at least such were the sums demanded from motorists at Marlborough-street yesterday, and Miss Dorothy Levitt, of New Burlington-street, had to pay the £5 fine. She did not appear, but the faithful policeman, who is always on the watch at Stanhope Gate, said she drove at "a terrific pace," and when stopped she would like to drive over every policeman and wished she had run over the sergeant and killed him.

"Silly bit of swagger," said the magistrate, and perhaps even Miss Levitt thinks it dear at the £3 more than the normal Park fine.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

A strange feature of the rebellion in German South-west Africa is that the rebels were careful to discriminate between the German colonists and the British settlers. All the Germans were killed, but the British were taken prisoners, and negotiations have been begun for their release.

The names of the English prisoners in the hands of the Hottentots, as far as known, are Herbert King and his wife and children and Mr. Cariche (?) and his wife and two children. There is also one other family whose name is unknown.

"SPORTING PARSON'S" WISH.

"Let my body be put in a plain deal coffin, with the plainest furniture possible; no shroud or cotton wool on my body, merely surplice and stole; a plain grave, dug on the south side of the church, between the chancel door and the east end of the church; no hearse or coach. Let a simple stone be put near the grave. Let the choir sing at the grave, 'Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.'"

These were the wishes of the well-known "sporting parson," the Rev. G. C. Fritchie, of Newton Regis, Warwickshire, concerning his burial, and they were faithfully observed on Tuesday at the funeral.

GREAT FIRE AT GLASGOW.

In the principal thoroughfare of Glasgow, Buchanan-street, a fire was burning late last night which called for the employment of the full power of the city's fire brigade, and even with all these great resources the fear was that several big warehouses would be destroyed and the damage reach £100,000. The outbreak commenced at nine o'clock, the first establishment affected being the extensive premises of Messrs. Wyllie, Hill, and Co., fancy warehousemen.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE POPE.

The well-known photographer, Mr. P. Barraud, who has been allowed to take ten photographs of the Pope, says his Holiness was most affable, and a capital sitter.

"He was amazed at my taking so many different pictures, and when Monsignor Bissetti reminded me once or twice that I must be satisfied, and I replied that I would not be another minute, each time he gave a smile, which caused my last negative not to be my last."

Chatham now has one sect less; the Secularists, after many years' existence, have collapsed, and their assembly hall has been bought by another sect—the Rechabites.

AMERICA, PANAMA, AND COLOMBIA.

A REPETITION OF THE PHILIPPINE
IMBROGLIO EXPECTED.

As we predicted in our issue of yesterday, the collision between the United States and the newly founded Republic of Panama is practically established. The United States Cabinet met on Thursday and agreed to "enter into relations" with the Secessionists; numerous American warships are making for both sides of the Isthmus; and the Colombian Government is now openly regarded as non-existent. It has withdrawn its troops, and, with them, its authority on the Isthmus—says the United States. The Colombian Government, however, does not accept this view of the situation. It has sent a firmly worded protest to Washington, demanding the absolute observance of existent treaties between itself and the U.S.A.

To clinch matters the American Government has sounded the various European Governments as to whether they have any objection to America carrying out her programme on the Isthmus. This programme may end in a repetition of the Philippine imbroglio. The Republic of Panama will establish itself, aided by the United States; later it will be annexed to the American Empire; then there will be some fighting, in which the Republic of Colombia may join. Possibly the United States will be forced to annex both republics; and, after a desultory war, proceed to construct the Panama Canal.

MORAL EDUCATION OF MAN.

Talk has been the order of the week at Gloucester with the National Union of Women Workers; yesterday, to the joy of the hundreds of ladies who remained, tea was added, the mayor entertaining them in a flower-bedecked parlour. It was the end of the Congress and the last day was spent mainly in sight-seeing, but even the closing festivities were not without a tinge of serious business. Man must be reformed if we are not to become a decadent race, and the Women Workers had a short, but it was whispered, an effective struggle, behind sealed doors, with the question of the finance of their Union and moral education—the moral education of man, of course. Their resolves on these subjects were not available for publication, though one lady cited as her idea of moral education the case of her son, who, now forty years of age, had never been anywhere unaccompanied by herself or by her daughter, his sister. It is recorded that even some of the severest of the Women Workers could not repress a smile.

SUICIDE'S BEQUEST OF HIS BODY.

Mr. Wellington McCulloch, an American financial agent, who committed suicide by turning on the gas in his room in Caroline-street, St. Giles's, left an extraordinary letter, which was read at the inquest yesterday. It was dated from the Hotel Cecil, and addressed to St. George's Medical College. The writer sent his greetings, and said if anything should happen to him while in London he hoped St. George's would accept his remains in the interests of science. The letter ended that the testator was in full possession of his faculties.

The Coroner said it was a curious thing that the body was not an article disposable in this way, and besides, the document not being legally signed, was not a will. The representative of the American Consul intimated that the relatives would desire possession of the remains.

DEMOLITION OF BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE.

News reaches us that the house in Vienna in which Beethoven died will shortly be pulled down. An obscure death, an obscure ending to the framework of that passing! Not so died Wagner, the disciple, whose delightful romance, "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven" was written after the master had passed away. Beethoven died alone, almost unregarded, retreating silently into that shadowland from which he had exorcised spirits whose gloom and majesty, whose mysterious gaiety, grow everyday more poignant and more tenebrous.

His birth-house at Bonn is religiously preserved as a museum. There will be a memorial ceremony in the death chamber before it is given over to destruction.

MAYOR AT SHORT NOTICE.

Leeds has been in the proud position of having three lord mayors within a week. On Tuesday Mr. Edwin Woodhouse succeeded to the position. Yesterday it was discovered that he was technically disqualified, as his name is not on the burgess list. Promptly the Lord Mayoralty was offered to Mr. Arthur Currer Briggs, and he accepted literally at five minutes' notice.

Swansea has set up a telephone system under municipal control.

Continuous rain has fallen during the last few days throughout Switzerland, and the lesser mountains are covered with snow.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE
FRENCH CAPITAL.

Paris, Friday Night.
Paris is quite forgetting that November's usual habit is to drape her in a garb of drab. To-day she revelled in bright sunshine, and though it was very cold the morning and evening were perfection. The weather is keeping numbers of people in Paris who otherwise intended going south two days ago. King George of Greece had an interview with the British Ambassador to-day of one hour and a half, and his Majesty lunches to-morrow at the British Embassy. Among the guests will be M. Delyanni, Greek Minister.

His Majesty's Birthday.

Invitations have been issued for a dinner at the Embassy in honour of his Majesty's birthday on Monday next. The dinner will be, if not exactly an informal one, quite a, if I may so express it, family affair, and none but Englishmen have been invited. There has in fact been not a little difficulty in making a selection of the guests, for the dining room of the historic house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, which represents our little piece of England here in Paris, will hold but seventy guests, and there are, roughly speaking, 7,000 British residents in Paris.

Taken for Spies.

Some excitement was caused at Fontenay this morning by the descent of a balloon with a German officer, Captain Hugo Von Abercron, in full uniform, and three companions. The hot-headed villagers received them as spies, but at the police station they explained they were experimenting at Dusseldorf, and had been carried to French territory against their will. They left by rail in the course of the day; Captain Abercron, against whose uniform demonstrations were feared, borrowing a suit of mufti from the police commissary.

Visitors to Paris.

Lady Faudel-Phillips, the mother of Miss Stella Faudel-Phillips, who is engaged to Mr. Charles Tufton, one of the attachés of the British Embassy, has been here buying her daughter's trousseau. The prospective bridegroom leaves for London next week. Prince Hatfeldt and Count Herman Hatfeldt are expected at the Ritz Hotel, where Princess Hatfeldt has been for some time, to-morrow evening. Dining at the Ritz to-night were the Prince and Princess Constantine Radziwili, and Colonel Crichton.

The Réjane Divorce.

I hear that Madame Réjane and her husband, M. Porel, who, as the world knows, have been his wife's manager for many years, have now definitely decided to dissolve their artistic partnership, as well as their wedding tie. The decision has hung fire for some time, but under present circumstances it was impossible that they should remain together. Germinie Lacerteux will, in all probability, be Madame Réjane's last part at the Vaudeville, and when she leaves, her place there will be taken by Madame Suzanne Despres, who, though as she has shown by her magnificent performances at the Antoinette Theatre, is one of the most gifted women on the Paris stage to-day, will have some difficulty in filling the gap caused by Réjane's departure. All statements as to Réjane's doings when she leaves the Vaudeville are premature. She does not know herself yet what she means to do.

A Dish of Chrysanthemums.

The Parisiens have this year called a leaf from Japanese cookery books, and with November and the wealth of chrysanthemums which are its compensation, a new dish has made its appearance at fashionable dinner parties in the Ville Lumière. We have heard of rose leaves and the sugared leaves of violets as dessert, but chrysanthemums as food is certainly a novelty. Here is the recipe:—Take a large, fresh chrysanthemum, and after thoroughly washing it plunge the petals into a carefully prepared mixture of beaten eggs and flour, then take them out and plunge them very quickly into hot oil. They are then spread for half a minute upon blotting paper powdered with sugar, and served. The result will be found to be delicious.

ANOTHER BAD DAY ON CHANGE.

Once more a bad day on the Stock Exchange has to be reported.

There was a half-hearted attempt to put things better in the afternoon, but on the whole securities have been depressed. The morning was very bad indeed. There was no business, and numerous adverse points. The chief was the fear that gold will have to be sent to New York, thus reducing our gold stores in London, and forcing us to make interest rates higher, which, of course, would drive away the foreign capital. The Stock Exchange speculators do not exactly appreciate this, and they will have to pay more on their borrowed money. But the New York bankers have had to send money into the interior to help to support the trust companies against any possible "run" on them by their depositors, and the New York banks will in turn require more gold.

Whenever interest rates are inclined to go up, Consols are inclined to go down, and that was the case yesterday. But the fear of trouble with these financial trust companies, which do a banking business, although they were not originally intended to take deposits, has naturally been a source of anxiety to the Exchange, and so Americans have been flat. Kaffirs, perhaps, furnished the sensation of the day. They were as flat as possible in the morning, with the prospect of possible failures in Paris and a good deal of concern about native risings in South Africa. Rhodesia had had native troubles enough already, and the shares of the luckless Charter Company led the way in a general decline of Rhodesian prices. In the afternoon they began to talk about a dividend on Rand Mines, and then a well-known broker, working closely in touch with some of the leading houses, came into the market with some supporting orders.

Latest News of London and the Provinces.

THE PRIMATE'S OLIVE BRANCH.

DR. HORTON DOES NOT ACCEPT THE EDUCATION CONFERENCE.

Dr. Horton's reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury issued last night does not appear to offer much likelihood of his Grace's formal proposal of a conference for the settlement of the education controversy as between Churchmen and Nonconformists leading to a definite result.

The letter, which is a long one, neither consents nor refuses; it prescribes antecedent conditions, and says there are many who think the time for such a conference is either past or not yet come.

"But the situation," Dr. Horton proceeds, "may rapidly change. . . . I believe that I express the thought of the vast majority—nay, I am convinced, of nine-tenths of our population—when I desire that all our children should be taught not only to 'speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke,' but also to 'hold the faith and morals that Milton held,' that in every school there should be the sense that of God, the habit of prayer and praise, and the reading of the Book which is at once the supreme religious treasure of the world and the greatest masterpiece of English literature."

A NIGHT OF SLAUGHTER.

ITALIANS' COMPREHENSIVE SCHEME OF VENGEANCE.

The little town of Onaglia, on the Italian Riviera, just over the French frontier, has been thrown into a state of terror through the deeds of two Italians, named Amoratti and Sesse.

They met three inhabitants of the town, rushed upon them, and stabbed two of them to death, seriously wounding the other. About two o'clock yesterday morning they encountered the secretary of the Mairie, and killed him. They afterwards attacked a man named Marchiano, but, seized with remorse, they carried him to the nearest pharmacy, explaining that they had attempted his life by mistake. A few hours afterwards the two assassins stabbed the innkeeper.

Yesterday morning, while walking in the vicinity of the port, an artillery captain, named Pagni, recognised them, and shot Sesse. At the same instant an official named Mariano fired at Amoratti, and he fell, but his injuries are not mortal. At the hospital it is stated that the assassins did not kill all the victims they had intended to slay, for a document was found in their pockets containing a list of people, including the names of those killed. It is concluded here that the intention was to exact a series of vengeance.

ANOTHER MISSING LADY.

The Hastings police are making an elaborate search for a middle-aged lady named Chapman, who disappeared from her home, Hillside-road, St. Helens, Hastings, on October 17. As her home is in the vicinity of large woods, these have been thoroughly scoured by the police, assisted by nearly twenty civilians and half-a-dozen dogs. In some places the searchers had to wade up to their knees in water. Up to last night the search has proved fruitless.

The lady, who is the sister of a nurseryman, is a native of Charing, Kent, and her family is well known at Hunton, near Maidstone. She is 5ft. 8in. in height, of slight build, fair complexion, grey eyes, dark-brown hair, and wore, when she left home, a grey cloak, black dress, and small black bonnet. Her friends, who are in great distress, are unable to account for her mysterious disappearance.

RAGS AND BONES.

The rag-and-bone man's business is one of those exciting speculations that contain great possibilities. You never know when you will find a diamond in the dust. Mrs. Scholes, who lives in Gordon-road (wherever that may be) forgot this when she hid her cash box, containing £50 in gold and some valuable securities, in a rag-basket in the back garden before going out for the evening.

The rag-and-bone man called early the next morning, and Mrs. Scholes is still looking for her valuables.

A COURT OF DRESSMAKERS.

"A tribunal of dressmakers" is a suggestion for the enlargement of our system of jurisprudence which emanated yesterday from Judge Emden at Bromley County Court, when he was deciding an action relating to dress said to have been spoiled by a firm of dressers and cleaners; and his Honour added, ungalantly, he felt sure it would be a noisy tribunal.

In the new directory of the city of Metz the names of married men are marked with an asterisk.

"In memory of my dear father and in recognition of faithful services," says a note accompanying a cheque for the amount of thirteen weeks' wages sent to the workmen on the Hatfield estate by the Marquis of Salisbury.

LORD ROBERTS AT WINDSOR

RECEIVES THE FREEDOM AND UNVEILS A STATUE.

The visit of Lord Roberts to Windsor yesterday was full of incident. He went for a double purpose, to receive the freedom of the borough and to unveil the statue of the late Prince Christian Victor, the royal soldier who laid down his life in South Africa.

The civic ceremony came first, Lord Roberts, who drove over from Ascot with his two daughters, being received by the mayor in the Guildhall soon after noon. Immediately prior to this the Commander-in-Chief had inspected a number of veterans who served with him in India. One man had been in the great march from Cabul to Candahar; another was one of the trumpeters who sounded the peace call at the conclusion of the Afghan War; another was at the Siege of Lucknow; every man in the little band of grizzled veterans called up memories of that land of many wars where Lord Roberts won his first laurels.

In thanking the corporation and burgesses for the presentation of the freedom, Lord Roberts said he felt a glow of pride in being connected with the borough, the freedom of which had been bestowed upon few outside the members of the royal family, and in having his name inscribed upon the roll which held the names of the two Pitts and the Duke of Wellington. He laughingly alluded to his Eton days, and confessed that his love for Windsor then caused great anxiety to his masters, as the town was then out of bounds.

In unveiling the statue in the afternoon, Lord Roberts spoke of the late prince as a live gentleman and a gallant soldier who laid down his life for his country. The statue, which is made of bronze, is a capital likeness. It stands under the walls of the castle, near the foot of the hundred steps. Above it are the words: "My duty is to my country."

"F.C.G." AND THE LOAVES.

Many people in London yesterday were disappointed to find that the "F.C.G." cartoon in the "Westminster Gazette" did not deal with Mr. Chamberlain's dramatic production of two loaves at the Bingley Hall meeting. Not realising that pictorial cartoons take time to draw, and perhaps more time to reproduce, they thought the "Westminster" expecting to find a characteristically good-humoured treatment of the incident by the most gifted of English political cartoonists.

What use Mr. Gould will make of the subject provided a frequent topic of conversation. At a dinner party in Cadogan-square last night, writes a valued correspondent, a number of guesses were hazarded. One lady's suggestion was of a half loaf which from the front view looked like a whole one. Another of the party thought Mr. Chamberlain would be represented as performing a conjuring trick and producing a big loaf out of an apparently empty basket with a false bottom. An artist showed how an amusing effect of perspective could make a small loaf look as big as a larger one.

CONGESTED TRAFFIC; THE WAY OUT.

There is a stimulating breadth of view about Mr. William Edward Riley, the architect of the London County Council. He gave evidence yesterday before the Royal Commission on Street Traffic in London, and he pleaded for broad avenues throughout the county of not less than 100 feet in width.

He would have an avenue running from the Thames north; another to the south, and he suggested others, one south-east from the Tower Bridge to the county boundary eight and three-quarter miles long. In this way would the congestion of the traffic be relieved. Excellent all of it, if the cost could be met by the acquiring of new frontages and the improvement of property, but therein, perhaps, lay the reason why Mr. Riley stated that his suggestions were not to be taken as on behalf of the Council.

HOW CANARIES ARE MADE.

The criminal classes must think it hard that policemen off duty are so like ordinary members of the public. Two constables in plain clothes were walking in Marylebone when a brace of bird fanciers accosted them with the seductive suggestion that they should buy a "nice canary."

But the canary proved to be a doctored skylark, and as a result of their unfortunate error the enterprising bird-merchants were yesterday committed for trial on a charge of fraud.

MISS KITTY LOFTUS, MANAGERESS.

Miss Kitty Loftus is about to take on the cares of management in London. The theatre at which she purposes producing a new play by Mr. Frank Statton will be made known probably next week, but in the meantime "A Maid from School"—for that is its title—will be put into rehearsal, with a view to being performed at Folkestone on November 30. Mr. Statton is best known, perhaps, by his "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss," produced last year at the Avenue.

JEKYLL AND HYDE OUTDONE.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY TOLD BY A CONVICT.

The transformations of Jekyll and Hyde are simplicity itself compared with those of Guy Roy Richard Preston, a convict who gave evidence yesterday in a Chancery action before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady.

To make the case clear it has to be explained that Preston, at the time of his full activity as a swindler, was not only Preston, but—

"John Henry Redgrave,"
"Mr. Burkitt,"
"Richard Lomax, solicitor,"
"Harold Charles James,"

Preston is a bankrupt, and is now undergoing penal servitude in connection with the notorious "forged leases" case tried some time ago.

The plaintiff in the present action, Mr. Charles Mules, claimed that he was entitled, under an indenture of mortgage made in 1901, between himself and "Redgrave," to some property at New Barnet. "Redgrave" had represented that the property had been devised to him by "Mr. Burkitt." There were a large number of defendants, including Mr. Beavis, the trustee of Preston's property.

In giving evidence, Preston, who was attended by a warder, said he used to communicate with "Mr. Burkitt" on business matters. "Burkitt" was really himself. So was "Redgrave." He kept accounts at many well-known banks in different names, and had several offices.

In one case he had bought land as "Harold Charles James," granted a lease of it to himself as "John Henry Redgrave," and then transferred it to himself as "Mr. Burkitt."

In such a head-racking case a judge is to be congratulated on arriving at any conclusion. The conclusion his lordship arrived at was that the property belonged to "Redgrave's" trustee in bankruptcy, and he accordingly dismissed the action.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The well-known music hall artiste, "Vesta Victoria," otherwise Mrs. Vesta McAvoys, yesterday obtained a decree nisi from her husband, Mr. Fred Wallace McAvoys, acting manager of the Euston Palace of Varieties.

The story she told to Mr. Justice Becknell was a most painful one. She was married in 1897 at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and had one child, born in 1898. There was unhappiness from the very first.

And yet, in the midst of all this domestic misery, "Vesta Victoria" was dancing and singing at the music halls with a blithe abandon that suggested she had not a single care in life. But the strain was sometimes too great, and she was on several occasions obliged to give up work.

There was just one touch of humour in the sad recital. Mr. Justice Bucknell took the opportunity of exhibiting the childlike innocence and monastic indifference to the world that our Judges love to affect. "It may be my ignorance," he said to the petitioner, but what do you do—do you sing?" "Vesta Victoria's" name may be plastered all over London, but a learned judge must not be supposed to know it. It was as good in its way as Lord Coleridge's famous "Who is Connie Gilchrist?"

SIMON HENCHARD IN REAL LIFE.

When Mr. Thomas Hardy made Simon Henchard, the future Mayor of Casterbridge, sell his wife for thirty shillings and a basin of furniture, it will be remembered that the condition of Mrs. Henchard changed very much for the better. It was Mr. Henchard that Nemesis overtook.

At Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Henchard appeared in real life, their name as Howe, and the price put upon Mrs. Howe had been only two shillings. Her lot had not been as smooth as that of her prototype in fiction, but, then, neither was she so blameless. She was charged yesterday with trying to commit suicide, and, her brother coming forward to take care of her, she was bound over.

THE MANTLE OF DAN LENO.

Mr. Harry Randall seems to be of the same family as Louis Quatorze. "L'état c'est moi," said that great monarch on a familiar occasion. "Mr. Harry Randall is the pantomime and the pantomime is Mr. Harry Randall," said Mr. Astbury, K.C., yesterday, appearing for the proprietors of the Camden Theatre, which place of entertainment the descendant of the Bourbons is inclined to abandon for Drury Lane. Mr. Dan Leno, abdicated. The case will stand over until next week.

COUNTRY PARSON'S THREAT.

A "Country Parson" writes to the "Times":—"I have a very strong and conscientious objection to war. I intend, therefore, when the demand is made on me next January for my share of his Majesty's taxes, to refuse to pay the proportion which, so near as I can calculate, would go to the maintenance of the Army and Navy. I know that I shall be sold up to pay the deficiency, but my conscience will have been satisfied."

THE VATICAN FIRE.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

By AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was nine o'clock on Sunday evening, Herr Marre, a sexagenarian German, whose office in the Vatican Library is to clean and detach the leaves of papyri and palimpsests, passed through the garret rooms above the library, used as printing offices, and littered with books, waste paper, and other combustibles. He was going to his bed at the further end, carrying a lighted candle, and possibly a lighted pipe.

A wayfarer crossing the Vatican Square soon after noticed an unusual glare in the garret windows. He knocked at the bronze gate, and knocked again until the Swiss Guards left their card-playing and opened it.

The alarm was given, and soldiers, servants, priests, and prelates, the two thousand inhabitants of the Vatican, issued from their quarters—a confused mass of frightened, helpless humanity. Tiny antiquated pumps were dragged out of the stores, and the Papi fire brigade—four men and a corporal—set to work sprinkling the hot walls, after losing a precious time in putting the pumps in working order.

The Fire Spreads.

The fire rapidly spread, favoured by the high winds and the non-acting pumps.

The library is under the charge of a Cardinal—Capeclatro of Capua—who delegates his office to a resident librarian. At present Father Ehrle, a Jesuit savant from Bavaria, whose apartment is under the garrets close to the library. He rushed up to wake Herr Marre and rescue a Codex of the Bible, a copy of the Institutes of Caius and other valuable manuscripts which he knew to be in Marre's room, and which he and his subordinate succeeded in carrying away just as the garret roof fell in with a crash. The wooden flooring also gave way, and the fire reached the underlying rooms of the librarian.

The adjoining library with its untold wealth of literature and art was now in imminent danger.

Merry del Val, the new Papal Secretary of State, who had hastened to the spot as soon as the fire broke out, perceived that unless energetic measures were promptly adopted, the library and perhaps the museums and picture galleries were doomed. He telephoned for help to the "usurpers" of Rome.

How the Library was Saved.

They came, municipal firemen, the mayor, two Under Secretaries of State, carabinieri, policemen. The Italian uniform penetrated for the first time into the Vatican and fraternised with the Papal troops and officers, Necessitas non habet legem. They worked with a will, with skill, and with powerful engines, their steam pumps poured volumes of water furnished by the inexhaustible tanks of the Vatican gardens, the fire was isolated, subdued, extinguished, and the unique library was saved for the admiration and study of the civilised world.

Pius X. was reading his breviary before retiring to rest when he formed that his palace was on fire, that the conflagration was extending, and might oblige him to seek a refuge out of the Vatican, thus abruptly solving a question equally burning, that of the imprisonment of the Pope.

His Holiness is willing to leave the Vatican, to mix with the citizens of Rome, to pay a flying visit to his native Venetia, but he never expected to do so under such exceptional circumstances.

He hastened out of his private apartments and was withheld with difficulty from going down to the courtyards filled with Italian officials, who might not fall on their knees when the Vicar of Christ appeared. So he watched the fire from a window, admiring the courage and dexterity of the municipal firemen, and perhaps the decrees of Providence which was gradually drawing Italy and the Papacy into close, amicable contact.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RESULTS.

The feature of yesterday's racing at Northampton was the success of Sir Blundell Maple and his trainer, W. Naugh, who won four races with Craghorne, Galloway, and Merry Saint. Unfortunately for himself Lane, the Falmouth House jockey, was riding at Lingfield, so that he missed a rare opportunity of thus adding to his lead of two over O. Madden in the race for the jockey premiership.

The winners and starting prices at both meetings were—

LINGFIELD.			
Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Lawn (9)	Primerose	M. Cannon	10 to 1
November (20)	Whitehoof g.	J. Jarvis	5 to 1
London (4)	Akbar	Piant	8 to 1
Gorse (14)	Sidra	W. Lane	5 to 1
Park (20)	Templemore	M. Cannon	6 to 5
Weyhurst (17)	M. T.	McIntyre	5 to 1
NORTHAMPTON.			
Holmby (7)	Craghorne	Jacke	4 to 1
Nursery (7)	Cigg	Crigg	11 to 4
Naseby (6)	Bowery	Jacke	6 to 4
Compton (8)	Galloway	Jacke	7 to 2
Catesby (9)	Hand in Hand	Watt	5 to 1
Apprentices (4)	Merry Saint	Warren	2 to 5

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) The Lingfield meeting is resumed to-day, when the following horses look to have chances—Back End Handicap—Futstut; Winter Welter—Mount Prospect; Price; County Maiden—Merry Hackler; Dorset Welter—The Bishop.

The latest London Cup for the Liverpool Cup are—4 to 1 Buries, 8 to 1 Palmy Day, 8 to 1 Torrens, 12 to 1 Bachelor's Button, 9 to 1 Pellisson, 10 to 1 Happy Slave.

Inward mails are due to-morrow from—
Australia. Japan. Straits Settlements. China. Ceylon.

Bridge for Beginners.

By H.H. PRINCESS DULEEP SINGH.

THE game of Bridge seems to be more popular than ever, in spite of the occasional attacks on it that have appeared in the newspapers. It has entirely taken the place of Whist, and people who were afraid of taking a hand at the old-fashioned game know none of the same fears concerning the new one. Indeed, the scientific methods of Whist, so puzzling to any but the adept, are very much modified at Bridge by the fact of seeing twenty-six cards instead of thirteen.

The Blessing of Bridge.

The absurd statements that have been published about the enormous sums of money lost and won in country houses at Bridge are absolutely groundless. In most houses pennies or threepence are the usual points, with sometimes 10s. or £1 on the rubber. In fact one of the greatest blessings of Bridge has been to do away in a great measure with the gambling of former days. A hostess can see her guests sitting down to a rubber without any of the anxiety that she felt when Baccarat and Poker were the fashion.

There is only one drawback to Bridge, which is that it is a quarrelsome game. At Whist there was a golden rule for everything, but at Bridge the players are not bound by the same hard and fast laws. Hence the disagreements. The disagreeable and worrying partner is to be avoided especially by the timid or impressionable player. There is nothing that makes people play so badly as the fact that every card they put on the table will be cavilled at. It makes them nervous, and they consequently do not play with the boldness that is so necessary at Bridge, thus the teasing partner reaps his own reward by really having cause to grumble.

Women Players.

Women, as a rule, play worse than men, as they do not seem to concentrate their minds on the game, and at the crucial moment their memory fails them. It is absolutely necessary to remember the cards, and players who find this impossible would be wiser to refrain from playing, as it is very hard on their partners. Many players would find it much easier to remember the cards if they would keep their eyes on the table instead of fixed on their own hands.

Women are generally cautious players, and they would do well to bear in mind that many a rubber has been lost by the timidity of the dealer, who is afraid of risking a No Trump. The dealer's partner can naturally risk much less as his hand is exposed, and any weakness will immediately be taken advantage of.

Declaration of Trumps.

It is impossible in an article such as this to give a full explanation of trump making. Of course the declaration of trumps depends very much on the state of the score, but, as a rule, if the dealer cannot make a No Trump or heart, he leaves to his partner, who makes the best declaration he can, but with a bad hand always declares a spade.

Don't double unless you are certain of the odd trick, even at spades; your opponents may redouble you, and the trump becomes equal to hearts.

The ordinary original leads on a trump declaration are:

- King from ace, king (and others).
- Queen from queen, knave; ten or nine.
- Queen from queen and one other.
- Ace from ace and others or ace, king (alone), a single, or the highest of two cards; and from any other combination the fourth best card.

The leader, on a trump declaration, must always start with the king of an ace, king suit if he has one. By this means he keeps the lead until dummy's hand is exposed, when he will play through its strength up to the dealer's weakness. He must always play through ace, queen, and king, knave.

False Cards.

If the leader's partner has doubled a trump suit (other than spade) made by dummy, the leader must immediately play his highest trump.

During the play of the hand it is of the utmost importance to lead the highest of a sequence, and to take with the lowest possible card. Nothing is so discouraging to a player as to see his partner playing false cards, because he cannot possibly divine what he has got in his hand. Women are very apt to think that it doesn't matter whether they discard a three before a two, never realising that it may make all the difference to their partners. There is one occasion, however, when it is necessary to play a false card, and that is when a king is led of a suit in which you hold only two cards. Throw your highest of the two on the king and your smallest on the second round. Your partner

will understand that you can trump on the third round of the suit.

Always return your partner's lead if you have the best card of his suit, or if you think that he can trump; but the most important rule of any is to play up to weakness. If there is a "singleton" in dummy's hand, never fail, in a trump game, to play the ace of that suit immediately on getting the lead. Never let the weak hand trump if possible to prevent it, and never lead from a suit of which both the dealer and dummy are without a card; the strong hand will throw a losing card, and the weak hand will trump.

Third in hand always plays highest, and there is only one case where he may finesse on his partner's lead: if the dummy holds the king or queen of the suit led, and the leader's partner has ace, knave, he may finesse with the knave, but he must put on the ace if he can see more than six cards in his and dummy's hands together.

On the first round of a suit in a trump game the second hand generally plays low, although he must always put his ace on a king or on a long-card suit, for fear of its being trumped on the second round. Equally, he must always take with the highest card of the suit if he has got it, on the second round.

Count the cards as they fall, and never force your partner to ruff if he will be overtrumped by the last player; but on the contrary, if he can over-trump your adversary in any suit you are making a very valuable trick.

To be Continued.

Treasures for the Home.

THE ORIGIN AND APPEARANCE OF
LOUIS QUINZE FURNITURE.

By MRS. NEVILL JACKSON.

The death of the old King Louis the Fourteenth marks an epoch in the history of French furniture. The extravagance of the Court of the late monarch had crippled the finances of so many individuals that the period of the Regency of the five-year-old child, his successor, Louis the Fifteenth, was looked upon as a time for recuperating the exchequer.

Small rooms comfortably furnished became of more importance than the great salons extravagantly and gorgeously fitted, which had



A Corner Cabinet in Black Lacquer of the Louis XV. period.

been so largely used for brilliant entertainments by the Court.

The two examples of Louis Quinze furniture illustrated on this page are excellent types of the boudoir rather than the salon furniture of the day. Both show the carving characteristic of the period, the cabriol legs and ornament in low relief. The chair which displays the shell pattern and a rich diaper on the back is now in the house of Madame de Sivigüé in Paris, and is one of the most interesting relics among the many fine and artistic specimens in the Hotel Carnavalet of ancient fame. The legs of the small table show the pieds de fiche, the hind's foot, which is found not only in the furniture, but also in the silver of the period.

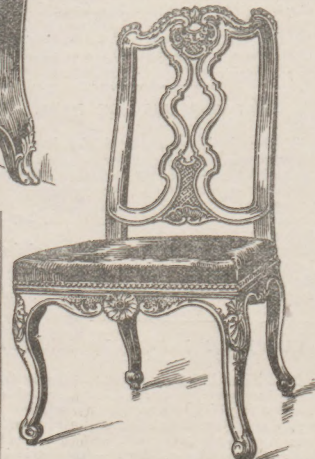
This was the time of the round-fronted commode, a type of furniture which, when sold at Christie's, now reaches a sensational price,

running perhaps into four figures. The encoignure or corner cabinet was made, and at Carnavalet may be seen a splendid example with lacquer panels imported from China, for the fashion for collecting artistic specimens of Oriental origin had set in since Holland had traded successfully with the East.

Sometimes small pieces of lacquer were used by the cabinet-makers to decorate tables or cabinets, or sometimes pieces of woodwork already shaped were, it is said, sent to China to be coated with lacquer. Such tedious processes as these stimulated the invention of Europeans, and a Dutchman named Huggens was the first to produce a workable lacquer.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Martin family became celebrated for the Martin varnish, or Vernis Martin, a name which, being used for much of the painted trifles and panels of the day, has come to be erroneously used for a style of decoration instead of a finish. Sieur Simon Etienne Martin was granted a monopoly "to manufacture all sorts of work in relief, and in the style of Japan and China."

The gilt bronze used in ornamenting the furniture of this period is very elaborate. The



A Chair shown in the House of Madame de Sevigne, in Paris.

acanthus leaves or curling endive-like foliage and the heads of women appear at the corners of elaborate escriptoires.

MUSIC AND SONG.

"Could I Forget," a new song by Walter Arnold, dedicated to Clara Butt, deserves to achieve success—especially when sung to the full accompaniment, which includes violin, cello, and organ. The music, set to E. Teschemacher's words, is simple, and well within the powers of the average amateur, and the introduction of the melody in the piano accompaniment is very effective.

Ellen Wright gives us yet another song, "Fidelity," which should prove acceptable to those who affect the melancholy type of love ballad. The plaintive music is thoroughly in keeping with the verses, which are a translation from the French.

In striking contrast is the bright little love lyric, "Love comes with singing," by Eva Lonsdale. It is short, pretty, and would assuredly achieve an encore at a country concert. Searchers after novelty will also find Blanche de Preyval's last publication, "Dream of Love," worth buying. Here, again, the words are a translation from the French, set to tuneful music.

But despite the arrival of newer ballads, that most charming song, "Love's Coronation," is still a great favourite with professionals and amateurs, while "Three Green Bonnets," a pathetic ballad, holds its own despite the fact that it is no longer new.

The round dozen of concerts announced by Messrs. Broadwood contain all manner of interesting features. At the second concert of November 19th Mrs. Henry Wood is bringing forward some new songs, including a group of German lyrics by Roger Quilter, whose work, by the way, Mr. Denham Price was the first to introduce to a London public last year.

THE PAPERS.

DOMESTICS AT SEA.

There is one British ship, the Una, voyaging between London and St. Petersburg, that is served on its domestic side entirely by women. And a recent voyage has convinced me that here is a promising opening for feminine enterprise.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

DRESS AT AN ICE RINK.

I often think that the very bright dresses which a few people wear on the ice at Prince's Skating Rink look very well and lighten up the whole effect. Ice has a curious tendency to absorb colour, and pale greys, greens, mauves, and heliotropes have a distressing way of assuming a muddy tint when their wearers are skating.—"Vanity Fair."

IS PING-PONG DEAD?

Having run through the phase of being a popular mania, the game of ping-pong, or, as its enthusiasts term it, table-tennis, is rashly supposed by those who have abandoned it to be extinct. The notion, as a matter of fact, is erroneous. The game is very seriously pursued by skilled players—organised into clubs, and intent on meeting each other in matches.—"The Queen."

GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS.

It is always pleasant to hear of any bird or beast which is thought to be extinct, or nearly so, being seen or heard again. The quail was at one time very common in Ireland, but is now rarely ever met with; so it is gratifying to know that this summer in the County Armagh these birds have frequently been heard, and there was no mistaking the very peculiar "wet! wet! wet!"—a most appropriate cry for the past summer.—"Country Life."

DRESS AND PIETY.

The evolution of the flannel petticoat is an interesting sartorial study. Twenty years ago it was a solid, substantial garment, of the sort associated in our minds with needlework societies, and Christmas distributions to the poor. But the modern woman's underskirt is made of a charming material called crêpe de Santé, half silk, half wool, and wholly light and desirable. The class of Englishwomen—happily almost extinct who believed that piety is expressed by dowdiness and that virtue can only be found in merino, longcloth, and Saxony flannel.—"M. A. P."

A BOOK TO READ.

THE STORY OF SUSAN.

THE clever novelist who has already marked out for herself a new pathway in fiction with such close and poignant studies in human nature as "The Way of a Man with a Maid" and "The Maternity of Harriett Wicken," presents us, in the "Story of Susan," with a really very original and charming love story.

Those among us who have time, in these busy hurrying days, to stop and think awhile on the past, must sometimes long exceedingly to know what manner of place was this England of ours in the days when Queen Victoria was a young woman, when the hero of Waterloo was the people's idol, when railways were considered to proceed dangerously quickly at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

A Pretty, Wayward Girl.

The story opens in the June of 1839, and the hero—for Mrs. Dudeney, greatly daring, has elected to interest her readers in the humble fortunes of a couple who belonged to what may be called, for want of a better term, the lower middle class—is introduced to his future friends, the critics and the readers, in an old-world shop situated in the High-street of the little Sussex market town of Liddleborough. In the second chapter we make acquaintance with pretty wayward Susan, who is charmingly described. "She possessed in its most captivating form that shrinking grace which so became the women of her period. She had a silk pelisse, a cottage bonnet, and a little green parasol with a fringe."

The Methodist Chapel.

Mrs. Dudeney has used as background, and a terribly powerful background it makes as imaged by her, the Methodist Chapel, and its congregation. The descriptions of these people, the analysis of their religious fervour, and of what she considers their curious lack of charity towards the erring in their midst, recall passages of "The Scarlet Letter."

Her hero, a singularly noble character, is himself a fervent Methodist, and she deals with him far more tenderly than she does with his co-religionists. It would not be fair to tell the simple plot of "The Story of Susan." Scarce a country town and village in England but has in its marriage registers and in its churchyard the record of some such humble romance, but it may be doubted whether there are more than half a dozen writers of fiction now living who are capable of reconstructing so comparatively recent and yet utterly vanished a period.

THE STORY OF SUSAN. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Hutchinson) 6s.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

WHEN I WAS CEAR (sensational novel). By Arthur W. Marchmont. Ward, Lock, and Co.
LEONORA (a novel). By Arnold Bennett. Chatto and Windus.
THE BODICUT CRITIC (dialogues). By Constance Smedley. Harper.
THE TRAGEDY OF CARRIS. By Rosa Mulholland. Sands.

To-Day's Social News in Town and Country.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Friday Evening.

It was surprisingly pleasant this morning to find yet more sunshine; although to-day our jubilation has been somewhat tempered by an irritating wind.

According to some people the corner of Grosvenor-gardens, leading into the Buckingham Palace-road, is the windiest thoroughfare in London, and it certainly was so to-day.

Men and Motors.

It was really extraordinary the number of motor-cars about; during one turn up Piccadilly shortly after lunch thirty-seven were to be seen; two outside the Cavalry Club, and strangely enough only one outside the Automobile Club; while in not one was there a lady.

At Willis's Rooms at lunch time Mr. George Wyndham and Lord Onslow sitting together were apparently discussing matters of deep import, but a cheery party included Lady Carnarvon, in an electric-blue costume with a becoming plumed hat of the same shade. Mme. von André had a luncheon party at her house in Piccadilly, but it was only a small one.

In the Streets.

There were several Royal carriages driving—what a thrill it always causes when one passes—Lady de Grey was in the Haymarket, and Lady Craven, wearing a scarlet toque, was in an open carriage. Captain and Mrs. Arthur Somerset were together, the latter neatly dressed in dark green; Mrs. Beaumont was in a closed carriage; Sir John Thorneycroft, in an automobile, was turning into the Park, and Major Oswald Ames was shopping, evidently purchasing a wedding present. Sir John and Lady Burgoyne were walking in Bond-street, Lady Burgoyne wearing pale grey; Mrs. Heilbut was driving in a motor brougham, and Sir Algernon Heneage was walking.

Town Houses.

Lord and Lady St. Oswald are giving up their house in Grosvenor-gardens, and it will shortly be offered for sale.

Mary Lady Londonderry's house in Hamilton-place, which was one of the oldest in London, is now being pulled down, and designs are being prepared for another residence on the same site.

The house in Cadogan-square, which Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg have taken for the winter, belongs to Mr. J. D. Alexander, and is one of the most perfectly-arranged residences in London.

Here and There.

Sir George and Lady Arbuthnot are now at their house in Grosvenor-park, and their daughter and her husband, Mr. Robert Lygon, returned from their honeymoon, are staying with them, until the latter rejoins his regiment, the Grenadier Guards.

Lady Mary Milbanke is shortly starting for Trinidad, where she will be the guest for some time of Lady Moloney, the Governor's wife. Lady Mary, being the only child of Lord Lovelace, is heir to the barony of Wentworth, but the earldom will go to her father's half-brother.

Mrs. Hartmann has arrived in Berkeley-square from White Lodge, Richmond. She has been staying there for some months, and has transformed White Lodge into a most charming residence.

On the Sick List.

There have been many callers at Lord Rowton's house in Berkeley-square since it became known that he was suffering from influenza in addition to pleurisy. He is now better, having only had the latter complaint in a mild form.

Mrs. Herbert de la Rue, who has been far from well for some time past, has arrived in town from The Lodge, Six Mile Bottom, with the intention of consulting a specialist.

Mrs. Mary Portal is still very ill with diptheria, and is not likely to be allowed to get up for another week. Her wedding, therefore, will not be able to take place at present, and the death of her grandmother, Lady Portal, will probably postpone the ceremony still further.

At the Play.

All the theatres were very full this evening. Mrs. Ralph Sneyd was at the Adelphi; Lord Alverstone was at the New Theatre, and Sir Jonathan Backhouse had a large party in the Halls at the Prince of Wales's. Sir Richard Musgrave and Mr. Evans-Freke had friends with them at the Apollo and the St. James's, and Sir Brooke Boothby was at Wyndham's.

The Latest Engagement.

The latest engagement to be announced is that of Lady Mabel Annesley, eldest daughter of Lord Annesley, to Lieutenant Gerald Sowerby, R.N.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Mrs. Harry McCalmont: Rather bad night on Thursday, but doctor had every reason to be satisfied with her condition yesterday.

Lord Stair: During the past week Lord Stair has been seriously ill at Lochinch Castle, Wigtownshire.

Sir J. Blundell Maple: Spent a good day and was out driving; condition unchanged in evening.

SOCIAL CHITCHAT.

The King is particularly fond of Sandringham, not only for its own sake, but also because he is there able to throw off a great deal of the ceremonial trappings of royalty and become for the nonce simply an English country gentleman. As is well known, his Majesty is never so happy as when visiting the various places of interest on his estate, discussing the alternations of crops, and criticising the "points" of shorthorns and Southdowns.

When Sandringham was built for the then Heir-Apparent the estate had been much neglected, but there is no doubt that now it is worth many times its then value, thanks to his Majesty's enterprising policy. As for the game, that is extraordinarily good, as the German Emperor discovered when he paid his famous visit to Sandringham.

The King and Queen of Italy, during their stay at Windsor Castle, will occupy the suite reserved for crowned heads, which was allotted to the German Emperor and Empress when they visited Windsor. The suite includes four rooms and two bath rooms. It is approached from the Grand Vestibule, and also by a private staircase and corridor.

These rooms are shown to the public, and no one would imagine how little is required to transform them from show rooms into living rooms. Among the curiosities in them are a set of curtains embroidered by Queen Charlotte (who used one of these rooms as a boudoir) and her ladies.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife will spend a portion of December at their fine house in Chichester-terrace, Brighton, which gives their daughters the amenities of the large Sussex-square gardens and the private terraces below the cliff, which are connected with the gardens by a tunnel. The Ladies Alexandra and Victoria Duff will resume their fencing lessons at Brighton.

Of all her friends and contemporaries in England none takes a keener interest in Miss Goelet's marriage than Lady Beatrice Wilkinson, née Lady Beatrice Herbert, and to attend whose own wedding Miss Goelet came expressly to England some months ago. The late Sir Michael Herbert, after the sad and sudden death on his yacht at Cannes of Mr. Ogden Goelet, became as a second father to the prospective bride, and advised her and Mrs. Goelet in every matter of importance.

Lady Beatrice Wilkinson and her husband, Captain Neville Wilkinson, have been busily engaged furnishing their new home hard by Portland-place, which promises to be one of the most delightful in London. Like all the Herberts, Lady Beatrice has a natural charm of address which wins all who come in contact with her, and has inherited to their keen sense of beauty.

People are talking a good deal about the ball which the Duchess of Westminster intends to give early in the new year at Eaton Hall. Essentially domesticated, the pretty young Duchess has the greatest love for her own home and her own people and parents, more especially her mother, to whom she is absolutely devoted. The ball which the Duchess meditates, will be the first she has given at Eaton Hall.

It is rumoured that Lord Talbot de Malahide will be among the first Irishmen to take advantage of the provisions of the Land Purchase Act to sell his Irish estates.

In a garden around the old castle are the small graves of the Talbots who died in infancy, all in a row. Lord Talbot's first wife was the daughter of Sir James Boswell, and last year he married Mrs. Gurney, the widow of the head of the big banking firm of that name.

Lord Malmesbury and his mother, Lady Malmesbury, have been entertaining a house party this week at Heron Court, which included Lady Beatrice Lister-Kaye, and her daughter Florence, Lady Calthorpe and Miss Calthorpe, Lord Zouche, Sir Augustus Webster, and Sir William and Lady Baillie-Hamilton.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson have arrived at 86, Eaton-place, having sold 23, Elvaston-place.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts have arrived at Holton Hall, Halesworth, Suffolk, which they have taken for a year.

The marriage of Mr. Harold Cooper, youngest son of the late Mr. S. Herbert and Mrs. Cooper, and Maud, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, of Jheria, India, is arranged to take place on December 15.

The marriage arranged between John Frederick St. Quintin Archdale, third son of the late Frederick Archdale, of Southampton, and formerly of Baldock, Herts, and May, elder daughter of Captain Edward Pilkington, R.N., of Collingwood, Southampton, will take place on January 14.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carnarville-street, E.C.

OVER THE BORDER.

The Duke of Gordon has offered his late residence, Molecomb; in Goodwood Park, to his only sister, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, who has brought up his two youngest daughters, Lady Muriel and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, since the death of their mother, the late Lady March. Lady Muriel came out last year, though barely eighteen, to celebrate the Coronation of their Majesties; and Lady Helen, who will come out next season, is a beautiful blonde.

Lord and Lady Lauderdale and their pretty daughter, Lady Ada Maitland, have left their beautiful seat, Thirlstone Castle, Berwickshire, where they spent the autumn.

Sir James and Lady Ramsay, of Bamff, the parents of Lady Tullibardine, are going to spend the winter in Germany.

Mr. and Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson have left Raith House, their Fifeshire seat, for Novar, where they intend to reside for some weeks.

Lord Linlithgow, who has much improved in health since his cure abroad, has a large shooting party at his lovely seat, Hopetoun House, and Lord Dalhousie has a party also at Brechin Castle.

On the Tay Lord Cairns landed seven salmon and two grise on the closing day at Lower Carrigill. Lord Blythwood and Lord Clanwilliam have also had excellent sport, whilst Mr. P. M. Coats has landed a salmon weighing fifty-one pounds.

The Duchess of Buccleuch is leaving Scotland immediately for Windsor, to be in attendance on her Majesty during the visit of the King and Queen of Italy.

The Duke of Sutherland, who has been entertaining small shooting parties lately at Lilleshall, Shropshire, will return to Dunrobin Castle for a week or two before going to Trentham, Staffordshire, for the winter.

Sir John and Lady Stirling-Maxwell have returned to Pollok House, Renfrewshire, after spending the shooting season at Corroir Forest, in Invernesshire.

BEAUTY AND TALENT.

Cleverness is the fashion now-a-days, and there is a great deal of talent among many girls in society.

Lady Beatrix Tylor, so shortly to be married, is musically gifted in no common degree; Lady Guendolen Osborne, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Leeds, has inherited much of her mother's literary talent and artistic taste. Lady Guendolen Guinness, the newly-married, is an all-round good scholar; Miss Gladys Deacon and Miss Padelford, both full of talent, enjoy really deep reading; Lady Marjorie Greville has been educated with special care by her clever mother, and Miss Cicely Horner may also be written down a girl "of parts."

The most talented of all remains, perhaps, Lady Marjorie Manners, who, had her lines been cast in other places, might easily have taken up painting as her profession. Certain it is that the fairy godmother of this charming girl came in prodigal mood to her baptism. Not enough that she could wield her brush or pencil with a triumphant little ease of her own. Lady Marjorie has lately developed a voice, which is the delight of all her friends; a voice not strong, it is true, but pure and vibrating, and which she manages with peculiar skill.

As for Miss Ruby Lindsay, whom all admired so much last season, she excels in dancing. For lightness, grace, and vivacity there is none to compare with her in a ball-room.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

"Does not divide the Sunday from the week."
Shakespeare.

Many happy returns to:—
The Duchess of Northumberland. The Duke of Montrose.
Lord Hawkesbury. Lord Hawkesbury.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Lady Florence Duncumbe. Lord Rothchild.
Lady Edith Villiers. Lord Calthorpe.

The Duchess of Northumberland, who is a sister of the Duke of Argyll, is one of the most important ladies in the Kingdom.

Before her husband succeeded to the title she did but little entertaining of any kind, but her garden parties at Syon House are among the pleasantest of the season's gaieties.

Lady Bective is a very well-known personality in London society. She takes a deep interest in philanthropic movements, and is one of the hardest workers in the cause of the Irish Industries Association.

Lady Bective is a most stately and picturesque figure, in which she is resembled by her only daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

The Quorn Hounds were at Brookby yesterday, and there was a large field out. A fox was soon on foot and hounds ran him slowly back past Brookby and down over the railway, but scent was bad, and he beat them.

The order was then given for Cream Gorse, and after very few minutes' suspense a fox was hounded away at the far side, and hounds getting well away with him they ran as if for Gaddesby, and, bearing left, headed towards Thorpe Satchville, where they got on terms with their fox and ran him in view up the last field before reaching Ashby pastures.

Then away at the bottom again, and turning left-handed by Ashby Folville, hounds ran nicely up to Ashby pastures once more. Forced out of this, he made his way across to Thorpe Trussels, but once more dodged back into Ashby pastures, where he was left—a good day's sport.

Exciting kill with the Belvoir.

At yesterday's meet of the Belvoir Hounds at Newton Bar a fox was found in Newton Wood.

In the covert he was given no peace, and was forced to quit. He visited a farmhouse, and sought a fresh hiding place. Entering by the open door of the back kitchen he took refuge in the copper flue, squeezing himself between a dinner pot and the chimney. Hounds, however, discovered his sanctuary, and then there was chaos.

Chairs, tables, and washstands were overturned in the encounter, but the fox was eventually brought out and broken up on the lawn in the presence of the field and many excited villagers.

Subsequently an enjoyable run was obtained from Dumbleby Thorns. Mr. Griffith was in command of the pack, and there were upwards of a hundred mounted followers, including several ladies.

Mishaps in Yorkshires.

Miss Adeline Montagu, of Melton Hall, while with the Badsworth Hounds near Asken, was thrown into a ditch and seriously injured.

A lady with the Sinnington Hounds, near Pickering, was unhorsed and dragged by the stirrups.

While the Bramham Moor Hounds were out a fox made for the Wetherby and Harrogate Railway, and an express dashing out of a tunnel a hound was killed.

With the Badmington.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds met at Horton yesterday, and had a rattling good run. Finding in Horton Buses they ran through the village up to Chalkley, passing Hawkesbury Warren to the Common, eventually finding in the lower woods.

A Popular M.F.H.

Lord Huntingdon, who has entered on the Mastership of the North Staffordshire Hunt, in succession to the Duke of Sutherland, is likely to maintain his high reputation attained by that famous pack. Lord Huntingdon is a very popular M.F.H., and used to be Master of the Ormond, King's Co., and East Galway. When he had charge of the Ormond Lord Castlemaine, Lady Muriel Parsons, and Miss Lloyd were among the most ardent and enthusiastic of his followers.

LADY GOLFERS AT BARNEBURST.

There was a greatly increased number of players at Barneburst yesterday in the Ladies' Open Golf Meeting, several competitors going over from Sunningdale, where they had been engaged on the previous day in the Ladies' County Championship.

In yesterday's play the chief successes were scored by Miss Glover, the Scottish lady champion, and Miss Moran, who was in the victorious Devonshire team at Sunningdale.

In the Driving Competition Miss Glover (Ellie) was first with 149yds. 21; and Miss Moran, 21yds. 6in.; and Miss Moran (Torquay) was second with 149yds. 11ft. 6in. and 129yds. 11ft., equals 279yds. 2ft. 6in.

The nine-hole foursomes went to Miss Glover and Mrs. Weston (Chiswick) 3 down; the relayed tie in the approach and putting competition to Mrs. Chapman (8); the prize for the best 9 holes (scratch) to Miss Moran with 38; Miss Glover being second with 37; prize for the best 9 holes up to (net) to Miss Fenwick (Dorking), 39; net; Miss N. Bloxsome, the donor, who returned 37 net, standing down. Miss Moran also secured the 9 holes net competition with 35.

The William Gray Challenge Cup (handicap aggregate) for members of the Barneburst Club, fell to Miss Glover with 172.8-181, and the prize for handicaps over 14 to Mrs. Fox-Russell, 116-119.97.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents at foreign winter resorts.

Naples.—Splendid weather; wind N.; average temperature, 67°.

Nice.—Indian summer; cloudless sky; maximum, 66°; minimum, 45°.

Cannes.—Ten hours' sunshine, calm; settled; wind E.; temperature, 68°.

Cairo.—Clear; temperature at 8, 62°; at two, 77°.

Bath.—Cold, but beautifully fine; maximum, 53°; minimum, 43°.

Bournemouth.—Cloudy, but fair; maximum, 55°; minimum, 43°.

Brighton.—Fine; maximum, 55°; minimum, 44°; nearly eight hours' sunshine.

Bathurst.—Beautiful weather; maximum 54°; prospects bright.

Harrogate.—Fine; temperature, 50°; seven hours' sunshine; barometer steady.

Haslemere.—Over seven hours' sunshine; maximum temperature, 52°; minimum 47°.

Southport.—Fair, with occasional sunshine.

Torquay.—Fine; bracing day; temperature, 54°.

Ventnor.—Over six hours' sunshine; maximum 54°.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.
TO-DAY, at 2.30, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.
Messrs. SHUBERT will present the new Comic Opera,
DOLLY YARDEN.
By Stanislaus Stane. Music by Julian Edwards.
MATINEE TO-DAY AND EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HAYMARKET.

COUSIN KATE.
TO-DAY, at 3, and TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.

MR. TREE.
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Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.
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By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
85th PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.
MATINEE TO-DAY AND EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

AT THE LUXEMBOURG THEATRE, EDINBURGH.
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BIRTHS.
BOURSET—On Nov. 3, at Fairmaid, Woolborough-road, Putney, S.W., the wife of Robert Bourset, of a son.
FRANKLIN—On Nov. 4, at 3, Cleveland-terrace, Hyde Park, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Franklin, of the Grange, Goudhurst, Kent—a son.
HINKS—On Oct. 31, at Worlington House, Suffolk, the wife of Benjamin Hinks, of a daughter.
LLOYD—On Oct. 31, at Selatry Rectory, Oswestry, wife of the Rev. Ronald Lloyd, of a son.
WORTHINGTON—On Nov. 4, at Christ Church Vicarage, St. Albans, the wife of Rev. H. B. Worthington, of a son.
VYLE—On Nov. 4, at Syston, Leicester, the wife of the Rev. T. F. Vyle—a son.

MARRIAGES.
KILPATRICK—BLAISE.—On Oct. 31, at Edinburgh, Robert Kilpatrick, Esq., Lieutenant Royal Navy, to Lillian, eldest daughter of Walter B. Blaise, Esq., of Selgrave-crescent, Edinburgh.
RADICE—MURRAY.—On Nov. 4, at St. Paul's, Westminster, by the Rev. J. E. Murray, one of the bride, assisted by the Rev. E. B. Bence, Charles Alfred Radice, Indian Civil Service, second son of Albert Hamilton Radice, Esq., of Ballycotton, Co. Antrim, to Alice, younger daughter of the late T. J. Murray, I.C.S., and Lady Elliott, of Fernwood, Wimbledon Park.

DEATHS.
COFFIN.—On Nov. 4, at Bournemouth, suddenly, Catherine Eliza, widow of the late General Sir Isaac Campbell Eliza, aged 95.
PORTAL.—On Nov. 4, at Melchbourne, Hants, Mary, wife of Sir Wyndham Portal, Bart., aged 75.
WILSON.—On Nov. 4, Mary Ann Wilson, aged 60, of Cranford House, Wilton, widow of George Miller Wilson, late of the Paymaster-General's Office, and youngest daughter of the late Nicholas Charles Gold, solicitor, of York.
WOOLFREY.—On Nov. 2, at The Grange, Banwell, Somerset, William Woolfrey, aged 84.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are at:
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The West End Offices of the Daily Mirror are at:
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The Daily Mirror is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 11d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 3d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 39s.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the Daily Mirror will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions addressed plainly to the Editors, The Daily Mirror, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope.

The Daily Mirror.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

THE NEWEST "LION."

By ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

ONCE in his lifetime, it is said, every man has his "hour." In London society the vogue of the outsider may be brilliant but meteoric. A few years ago it was the actor who was high in favour. Then people took to speculation, and it was the South African who became a person of social significance. From 1899 to 1903 no one cared for anything but a khaki tunic.

This autumn—thanks to Mr. Chamberlain—has come the social "hour" of the plain, unvarnished business man. He is the shining light of every dinner party, shedding rays of expert knowledge on the dark mysteries of exports and imports, of corn duties and retaliatory tariffs. Any night this week you may see the strange spectacle of lovely women hanging on the utterances of simple, meritorious button makers or steel-plate manufacturers playing the oracle at the restaurant most in fashion.

The alert modern woman wants to know everything, and how is the mere woman—or the mere man, for the matter of that—to know anything of the fiscal problems which are shaking the Empire without expert advice and lengthy technical explanations? Hence, a little to his bewilderment, comes the amazing social popularity of the business man, who goes out to conquer with lists of statistics in his pockets, and has the Awful Warning of the sugar industries as his trump card.

Not only the British manufacturer, but the strange, unexplored, smoky regions which he inhabits have become of surpassing interest. People hurry off to pay visits in the vicinity of Leeds or Bradford in the hope of acquiring the special information without which you are as nought, and fine ladies come back from Manchester declaring it is delightful.

Mr. Henry James, in one of his most ironical stories, attributes the death of his literary hero to his having been detained "in the Midlands" by injudicious admirers. How we have changed all that! To-day Mr. James's literary lion would have been stimulated, instead of bored, in the Midlands. It is a sign of the times that things made in Birmingham are no longer called Brummagem, and that references to Highbury are as common in the newspapers as they once were to Hatfield.

THE FOOD OF THE BRAINWORKER.

By Mrs. LOWNDES.

WHETHER the "best people" would really benefit by Dr. Barrie's sly prescriptions in "Little Mary" is hardly worth discussing, for they are never in the least likely to try them. But for brain workers of all kinds there can be no doubt that a generous and nourishing diet is a real necessity. They would quickly collapse under the Spartan regimen of one "square" meal a day.

Perhaps this is not sufficiently understood in this country, where some idle people eat too much and many busy people, especially women, eat too little. For no brain work is purely mechanical. There is always a margin in which there is scope for the display of thought, capacity, originality, even if it is on a very humble scale, and it is just there that the process of selecting the fit and weeding-out the unfit from the great mass of workers is continually going on.

Other things being equal, the worker who

is well nourished will make the best use of this margin, while the worker who is only half or three-quarters nourished will have no energy left after completing the mechanical part of the task. Most of the brain workers in this country, especially women, are not more than half-fed, and those of them who were born with intelligence and initiative—the power, in fact, of doing better work than that which is merely mechanical—often miss their opportunities of advancement by reason of an unenterprising slackness which is directly traceable to their reduced physical condition.

In this matter England may learn a lesson from France, where all classes show an earnestness and determination, which certainly have their comic side, to secure, whatever else happens, an abundance of good and well-cooked food. On this side of the Channel the ordinary diet of the brain-worker, especially the woman, is dominated by what the vendors thereof are pleased to call "dainties," which neither gratify the palate nor nourish the body.

There is here a great field for an intelligent philanthropist, who, being content with the proverbial five per cent., will place within the reach of the industrious middle-class, both men and women, properly cooked, nourishing food of the best quality at reasonable prices. Here also would surely be an enterprise worthy of a group composed of some of the innumerable ladies who are now anxious to take up a form of business likely to prove remunerative. It has been proved again and again that there is "money" in food, whether the restaurant be Prince's or the humblest little Italian eating house.

HOUSEWORK BY MACHINERY.

By MARY DOUGLAS.

MR. ADRIAN ROSS in his article the other day spoke of the tabloid life and its advantages and disadvantages. There are many true words spoken in jest, and we may yet see some of his suggestions carried out.

In housekeeping how ideal would be the electric tabloid. If electricity can supply us with motor-cars, telegraphs, and electro-phones, why should it not also reorganise and revolutionise our housekeeping?

For a staff of servants and a housekeeper we should substitute an electric motor and a handy man. The motor, judiciously placed either in the cellars or the attics, with either the roof or the floor that separates it from the rest of the house carefully deafened, would work a set of domestic machinery which would accomplish the work of the house infinitely better than a series of incompetent servants.

The three great nuisances of the modest housekeeper's existence are spring-cleaning, washing, and the polishing of metal, and for these machinery is already found. The household motor would drive a set of washing machinery, such as is already used in laundries.

For spring cleaner we have now the vacuum cleaner, and doubtless its enterprising deviser will soon produce a smaller apparatus for household use.

As for the cleaning of metals we should have a series of "buffs" such as are in common use in engineering works fixed on to our motor, and our brass, our copper, our steel, and our silver will shine as, by mere hand-polishing, they never shine before.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 7.—How little the world remembers that it owes the discovery of America to a woman!

Christopher Columbus, a broken and dying man, came here from Spain on his last expedition on this day in 1504. All of us know the story of his long fight at the Spanish Court.

"An obscure and unknown follower of the Court," says one who saw Columbus there, "classified by the ministers of the two crowns among the troublesome applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of the ante-chambers with the magnificent prospect of discovering a new world; grave, melancholy and depressed amidst the public rejoicing, he seemed to look with indifference upon the conquest of Granada, which filled with pride a nation and two Courts."

It was Columbus, the man who was to find a world, but to whom none would listen—none but a woman, Queen Isabella, pleaded with the king, but an empty treasury held him back, and Columbus left the Court of Spain in despair.

Sometimes, men say, a woman's wit has saved the world; now it was a woman's heart.

Isabella sent her messengers after the fugitive Columbus, who returned to her feet to find her in tears, and to hear her say: "I will undertake the enterprise alone, for my own crown of Castile. I will pawn my diamonds and jewels."

So a queen sold her treasures for a world.

OUR CELEBRITIES.

FROM A FEMININE STANDPOINT.

No. 1.—THE PRIME MINISTER.

IN one of his books—"Sartor Resartus," probably—Carlyle dwells on what a strange sight it would be if the roofs of all the houses in the city were of a sudden lifted at dead of night, and the four millions or thereabouts shown on their backs, snoring hard. But how if sometimes, for a very little while, we could have a view through the roofs of the wide-awake heads of those about us, or of those who specially interest us? Into what unsuspected Bluebeard chambers might we not find ourselves peering?

Making Up His Mind.

Just now, many people would particularly like, no doubt, to see the innermost working of the Prime Minister's mind. But would they thereby be a great deal clearer as to the issues? Certainly, Mr. Balfour is the last of men to affect a great wisdom or perfect clearness in this or any other extremely complicated matter. His brilliant and delightful pamphlet on "Insular Free Trade" lays claim to nothing of the sort. Before the publication of this pamphlet he was described by a critic in Parliament as the one person in England, not grossly ignorant of the subject, who had not made up his mind. Such a charge might not be an affront to a thinker with a taste for philosophic doubt. "Making up the mind," at the ripe moment, is necessary, of course, in a man of action, Prime Minister or other; but it does not prove that the background to the view set forth is therefore less vague or nebulous than before the process.

Charm of Manner.

A greater hold is the charm of manner. We hear and write a great deal of "sense of humour," of "imagination," of "style"—those airy nothings, so fluid and elusive as to defy a convincing, final definition. Manner has not had equal vogue. Yet if William Wykeham's great saying, "Manners make the man," holds good, it, after all, may matter more than the rest. Manner is something much more than the elementary, formal civility which is known as "good manners." It necessarily includes these: when you hear of a man with a distinguished manner, you take it for granted that he complies with the usual laws of etiquette and deportment. These latter—which are, of course, essential to the bare comfort of life among civilised races—may be and are learnt by lessons and from books. A fine manner is far beyond this.

Intellectual Bullseyes.

Nobody ever acquired it by a tutor or a book of etiquette. At least as truly as of style, it can be said indeed that manner is the man. It is the very otto of all the choicest things which he has inherited and added to by culture. He sets you at your easiest. When he informs you, it is somehow not at your expense. He does not hold forth at you. You never feel humiliated that you are the base target for his talk. He tries to make no intellectual bullseyes on you. He does not flatter you either, in the common sense of the term; but the effect is more soothing than flattery's, which, after all, can only suit the grosser stomach.

His Serene Temper.

No Prime Minister, perhaps, ever conveyed so general an impression of serene temper. How gladly he suffers with the prosier or the bore in the place where he has become the most popular man in England. True, he may not be there overmuch; still, long enough at times for the sensitive mind to writhe and shrink. He holds himself towards friends and opponent in the same spirit. Only quite rarely will a ruffle break the blue in which he sails; when pressed hard by candid friend or open foe, it is fine to see him weathering the storm, tacking here and there, the most expert of mariners.

For holding an opinion with all the might and intense earnestness of belief and aim, you do not look to men of this philosophic temperament. What does not move him, or interest him greatly, he makes no pretence about. Did he not once declare his childlikeness in regard to the business of the House of Commons? At another express surprise that the country should be so horrified by its disasters in South Africa? Could he fail to know that people would be fairly staggered by these? The greatest impostor and the least would have simulated passion in the black week of the war. No; the genuine rings out true in such unlaboured indiscretions. How extremely interesting it will be for the future historian to turn over and dwell a little on these characteristics. What a change from the aloofness of Pitt, the concentration of Gladstone, the cynicism of Disraeli! These latter have almost come to be regarded as convention, or common form, in British statesmanship. Mr. Balfour thus adds something to the variety of public life. Perhaps he does not display any new gift of dictatorship; this is a very different matter. It has been often held that, to be the masterful leader, a man needs to be something of a brute: Bismarck, Cromwell, Wellington, Napoleon, Pitt were not angelic.

It is a great deal, surely, to feel that the royal charge made centuries ago to William Cecil might be applied fittingly enough to a Prime Minister to-day: "This judgment I have of you, that you will be faithful to the State."

The Hour-Glass of Fashion

VIENNA FASHIONS.

CONFECTIONS IN LEATHER.

THE good old English adage, "There's nothing like leather," has been taken to heart by the élégante of Vienna.

Leather coats and caps for our beloved Autosport are ancient history, but leather confections for wear in the salon and at the theatre have the attraction of novelty to back their own intrinsic charms.

A robe d'intérieure issuing from one of the first ateliers owed its undoubted chic to the little blouse-like coatee made of the softest and most pliable Swedish leather cut and slashed in a delightfully mediæval manner to show the silken lining beneath.

A buckle of severe design clasped the loosely gathered waist, and a severely plain skirt, cut in gracefully-flowing lines, completed the creation.

Another fascinating novelty deserving of that untranslatable Viennese expression "fesch," which so exactly describes the style of the fair Wieneim, is a little capote intended for theatre-going dames, fashioned on the model of a Dutch peasant woman's cap, and composed of jewel-studded peau de suède, ornamented with lacings and cap of leather.

Skirts and Shoes.

The short skirt is de rigueur here for all street toilettes. Frills and furbelows are relegated to occasions of ceremony, and fair pedestrians have gained an added grace by the freedom of movement which is permitted by the kilted and pleated skirts—"foot-free" as we call them in the Kaiserstadt.

The natural corollary of this eminently sensible fashion has been an epidemic of original ideas on the part of the bootmakers, and the most fascinating examples of feminine chaussure are seen on every hand. We do not confine ourselves within such rigorous bounds as are enforced upon you in London by the horrors of your climate. Shoes of black patent leather are certainly seen here and there, but a much prettier idea is soft grey Swedish leather, while the happy possessors of exceptionally small feet are favouring a trim button shoe of red morocco, and most popular of all during the bright autumn days are the daintiest of cloth bottines, made to match the various gowns and laced at the side in a way which shows the wearer's foot to the best advantage.

Reform Dress in Berlin.

Thoroughness is a strong characteristic of our cousins German, and this trait is strikingly exemplified in the "Reform Dress" movement.

The attempt to introduce the so-called "aesthetic" dress for general wear was an utter failure in England. The attempt to be artistic usually ended lamentably in a most unpleasant draggle-tailed effect which betrayed the hand of the amateur rather than the artist in dress.

The reformers in Berlin have enlisted in their crusade against the artificial style of the present day the services of men and women artists who have thrown themselves with enthusiasm into the effort to make popular the flowing lines and graceful folds of the age, and not only the designs of the moyen ages but the embroideries which enrich

them, and the clasps and buckles intended to accompany are for the most part the work of Dresden-Munich painters. The exhibition opened last month gave opportunity to all dress lovers to study the pros and cons of the "Reform" movement as embodied in the tombstones of Plantagenet queens. For street wear a modified Empire style, variously expressed and fashioned in a heavy-weight cloth, with a square-cut vest of gathered silk, and an embroidered hem, is eminently becoming to a figure of stately proportions.



RECHERCHE DINNER TOILETTE.

Arranged in sulphur coloured Liberty satin, the skirt scrolled over with bouillonnées of chiffon, threaded through rings of pale pink roses. The Louis seize corsage is completed by angel sleeves of chiffon held to the arm by bracelets of roses.

the interesting collection of morning, evening, and promenade toilettes collected in the "Hohenzollern-kunstgewerbehaus."

Silk, velvet, cloth, and linen are used as foundations for marvellously intricate embroidery in the modern secessionist style, and all the dresses are alike in that they closely define the shoulders and fall thence to the feet without marking the waist line.

There is room for an infinite variety of changes rung on this primary scheme.

One gown falls in ample folds confined on the hips by a richly-wrought girdle with quaint metal clasps and bosses; another is arranged in fan-like pleats which open gracefully as the wearer moves about. A velvet evening dress loosely follows the outlines of the figure to the hip line, and flows downwards in the fashion portrayed on

During the summer gowns of this description were to be seen in those spots where foreign visitors to your grey city most do congregate, and, whether considered from an æsthetic or hygienic point of view, could not fail to commend themselves.

Though perhaps scarcely suited in its severest forms to the slender English woman, this style of dress "gives to think" to the woman on the look-out for new ideas for home gowns. Already the Viennese modistes, acknowledged past masters of their craft, have exploited the notion, and, by dint of subtle alterations and modifications, have evolved many eminently desirable "robes de réception," obviously inspired by the "Reform Dress" crusade, which unfortunately selected August in London, the dullest month, to forward the movement.

PARIS DRESS GOSSIP.

FURS, SLEEVES AND LACES.

ONE of the smartest, and at present a very popular sporting club, is the Saint James's, in Neuilly, where there are tennis courts and a most attractive clubhouse and tea-room, but where the court for the Basque game of pelote is the chief attraction. Many French sporting men are playing it already, and there is at the club a capital team of Basque players whose match games are brilliant. Yesterday there was a crowd of smart women out, most of them talking learnedly of the game. It was a charming scene, tinged with melancholy because of the dry leaves continually falling from the trees upon the asphalté court and upon the lithe players in white ducks.

Most women are wearing furs, but in a careless fashion, for it was hardly cold enough to need them. Such charming little fichus of supple fur, worn dropping low about the back and elbows, the long fronts in points lined with painted royal blue velvet or with soft shirrings of mousseline encrusted with fur motifs, star or wheel-shaped, and in the same colour as the mousseline.

A very distinguished costume in black was in cloth enhanced by broad inset bands of fine black fibre lace. With this there was worn a peaked toque of black ostrich feathers that was pricked in front with a paste buckle that fastened a white osprey. The accompanying stole of black ostrich feathers, very broad and flat, was trimmed on its ends with inset stars of white feathers, and it was lined with many ruffles of inch-wide white Valenciennes lace.

Importance of Sleeves.

The sleeve on cloth gowns is getting fuller at the top, and below the elbow it is composed of many encircling puffs of mousseline or of mousseline velvet separated by tiny ermine tails laid on in rows, each tip loose, each end fastened with a tiny buckle.

The nice lingerie shops are selling deep plaited sleeve ruffles, all made up in every imaginable loveliness, with fine embroideries and edges of real lace, for these flourishes are still largely worn with short-skirted walking dresses, and one must have many pairs to keep fresh.

For dressy gowns, such as some of those in the tea-room at the Cercle Saint James, the sleeve ruffles are of lace and fall far below the tips of the fingers at the back of the arm. A gown of putty-coloured mousseline velvet that was thickly shirred at the waist and was encircled about the knees with inset shingles of mousseline, between each of which there was a flat edge of gold lace about three inches wide, had a long sweep of sleeve drapery of white Alençon flounces over gold bullion gauze.

The Mingling of Laces.

One notices still many deep lace collars, but it is evident that they are not at all like anything that has been worn before. They are now composed of two, or even of three, laces in combination, coarse and fine Irish lace, for instance, Milanese and Venetian mixed, and others are in old Valenciennes and bits of fine embroidered cambric, the whole finished with long rectangular motifs of guipure lace. In this way each collar may be novel in shape and design.



NEW TOQUE

Of delicate cream plush, set within a trim of curious dull mauve velvet, clusters of grapes hanging either side the back.



A VISITING CHAPEAU.

Delightfully expressed in royal blue silk beaver, the left side raised on a pale blue ostrich feather shading, darker at the tips.

THE PERFECT FIGURE.

WHAT BREATHING EXERCISES WILL DO.

No woman is too old or too young to be improved by breathing exercises. Grandmothers of seventy and little girls of five, mothers and their daughters, may learn together, for the practice of deep breathing gives health to age and beauty to the mature.

Consumptive patients, as a result of such exercises, take a new lease of life. Anæmia is put to the blush. The chest fills out and the neck rounds into those lovely curves that the thin woman longs to possess. The circulation is increased. The complexion becomes bright and clear, and the sluggish liver assumes its proper functions again.

To Banish Colds.

There would be none of those chronic colds which hold so many women in their wintry grip were everyone able to use the breath of life as it should be used. The throat and the tonsils become healthy; the nasal pas-

sages clear when correct breathing is a properly accomplished feat. Then, again, the slovenly, flat-chested figure must become extinct as soon as women learn to breathe, for, with the lungs working properly, it is impossible to slouch.

Make Haste Slowly.

A fine chest is very easily acquired. Ten-minute exercises at a time in the open air, or before an open window—that is the sum total of the prescription. But now, to amplify its constituent parts, make haste slowly is the first and golden rule. Many beginners do themselves harm by trying to do too much. These great deep inhalations are terribly exhausting at first, and the perfect performance cannot be expected until after weeks of practice. A sense of giddiness is almost universal at the start.

Girls with weak lungs are often heard to say: "We've been told to practise breathing with our arms extended. But we can't do it. It makes us so tired." There is not the least need to begin in an attitude that is exhausting. Any position will do in which the chest

is extended, the shoulders are flat, and the head is free. The strong pupil may sit upright; the delicate pupil should lie down absolutely flat, upon a rug on the grass in dry weather, or on the floor with a blanket thrown against the door to keep away the draught, if the air is damp.

Fresh Air is Important.

The window must be open whatsoever the weather, because any kind of air that is fresh is better to fill the lungs with than the vitiated atmosphere of a shut-up room. Cushions are undesirable, but if used they should not merely be under the head; they should extend well below the shoulders.

The corset must be removed, at least while the breathing exercises are being performed, and also everything that is even approximately tight, such as belts, bands, and those horrible braces which drag down the shoulders of little girls.

It is of vital importance to remember that the breath of life comes in through the nose. The open mouth is a death trap. But the nose has been provided by nature with a

filter; the little hairs that may be seen inside the nostrils are there to arrest impurities.

All preparations made, the attitude easy, and the mouth shut, the exercise begins.

Moderation is Recommended.

The breath should be drawn in slowly and steadily, through the nose, until the lower ribs come out in front and the chest rises. When the lungs seem as full as they will hold, the breath should be held resolutely for two seconds before being forcibly expelled through the mouth. The lungs must be completely emptied, and a pause of five seconds made before the second breath is taken, and the process that has been described is gone through again.

Very delicate pupils may find this effort too exhausting. They would be well advised to fill their lungs by means of several little sniffs instead of by the one great effort. The first day they will probably find that they cannot accommodate more than four sniffs. The lungs will then feel full to overflowing. After a month possibly they may take twelve sniffs, and their lungs will be ready for still more. The expulsion of the breath is the same in either process. People whose hearts are a trouble to them should always fill their lungs on the instalment plan.

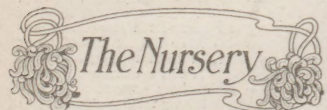
Precautions for the Weak.

The consumptive must go to work even more carefully. The attitude giving the most ease should be assumed, lying down either on the side or back, with cushions if desired. First little sniffs only should be attempted; later, as the lungs grow stronger, the long in-drawn breaths may be tried. The consumptive must not endeavour to continue for ten minutes. To fill and empty the lungs three times is the most she should do. Then, after an absolute rest of five minutes, perhaps more, she may begin again.

The performance of every beginner, however strong she may be, will be poor, and should be so if permanent good is to result. As she progresses in this, the fundamental movement of the lessons in proper breathing, she will observe how feeble her first efforts were in comparison with what she can do after five or six weeks. Her chest will then be found to expand in an astonishing manner, and the muscles of the neck will stand out like cords when the lungs are full. She will be able to hold her breath under control longer and longer. And how exhilarated she will feel!

A Triumphant Result.

Then let her look in the glass and the colour mantling in her cheeks will be a pleasant sight to see. If those cheeks happen to be hollow, she can do nothing better than blow an imaginary horn. No one has ever seen a hollow-cheeked trumpeter.



The Dormouse.

Do you know what a dormouse is like? In case you don't, I'll tell you.

It is a pretty animal just about three inches long, with a little frisky tail almost as long as its body. When it is eating it uses its little fore-paws very much as if they were hands.

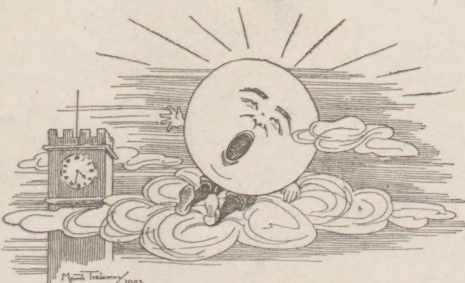
The wild dormouse is very shy, and lives chiefly in thick woods, where it builds the prettiest little nest imaginable among the

low bushes, using two or three different kinds of grass, weaving them in and out and round about the fork of a branch, making the bottom of the nest of very fine blades, and binding the whole neatly together.

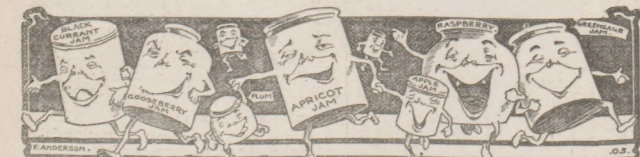
In among the grass Mrs. Dormouse twists a leaf or two to keep out draughts and prevent the baby mice from taking cold.

The door of the nest is very cleverly hidden with a sort of grass curtain.

When the dormice want to come home they



Mr. Sun: Oh, dear! I'm so tired. I've been sitting up late all the summer. I must go to bed early for a few months.



OUR MOTTO.—"My rule," says the White Queen in "Through the Looking Glass," "is—Jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow—but never Jam to-day!" Our motto will be exactly the same, only different:—"Jam yesterday, and Jam to-morrow, and ALWAYS JAM TO-DAY!"

hold this aside with their tiny paws, and as soon as they let go it springs back again, so that all enemies may be kept away. Mrs. Dormouse has to be a very good housekeeper; she has to think out during the autumn just exactly how much food her family will need for a whole year, for the plant shops only open during the late summer and autumn, and if Mrs. Dormouse does not lay in enough nuts, grain, and berries to last, she and her family will die, for she can't run round the corner to get more if she runs short; so she makes a little storehouse quite near the nest.

WILLIAM WHITELEY, Ltd.

MONDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 9th, and during the week,

GREAT SALE of this Season's PARIS FASHIONS

Mantles, Costumes, Tea Gowns, Robes, Blouses, Millinery, Laces, Dresses, Silks, Ribbons, Trimmings, Underclothing, &c., &c.,

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

The Stocks comprise the First Choice of several large Paris Manufacturers' Stocks, secured at Remarkable Prices.

Article.	Description.	Usual Price.	Sale Price.	Article.	Description.	Usual Price.	Sale Price.	Article.	Description.	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
Mantles & Coats	15 only Mink Marmot 26 in., Sac Coats, fine quality Skins, lined through brown Satin	6 gs.	52/6	Slips	150 Crêpe-de-Chine Slips in various designs in Black, Ivory, Sky, Pink, Mauve, and Nil.	21/0	12/9	Corsets	"Perfection" Corsets, W.W. Classique, smartest Straight-Fronted Corset, with Silk Suspensers in front with rubber grips. Can be had in exquisite Satin Brocades and smart Broché Cloths	42/0	27/6
	50 Smart Paris Mantles and Coats in Velvet and Peau de Soie, handsomely trimmed rich Guipure, &c. Medium sizes	100 to 150 fr.	63/-		573 yards of Silk Cluny Laces and Insertions in Black, Ivory, and Champagne	3/11 to 4/9	1/11½ peryard		150 Nun's Veiling Petticoats, trimmed Silk Embroidery, Pale Pink and Sky Blue	6/11	3/11½
	200 Smart Tweed Coats, lined throughout, excellent cut and finish	—	21/ to 31/6	Ribbons	500 yards of rich French Panne, Soft Satin, and Glacé Ribbons, new autumn colours	1/11 per yard	6¼d. peryard	Petticoats	Striped and Fancy Delaine Dressing Gowns, accordeon-pleated, with new sleeves in Sky, Pink, Mauve and Red Flannel Dressing Jacket, accordeon-pleated, in Sky, Pink, Cream, and Cardinal	27/6	12/9
Opera Coats	Full length Opera Cloaks and Coats, lined Quilted Silk in all Evening Shades	—	42/- to 63/-	<div> <p>SPECIAL OFFER of An English Manufacturer's Stock of CUT & ENGRAVED GLASS Amounting to £8,180, AT HALF PRICE And, in some cases, less than half.</p> </div>				Silk Skirts	75 Glacé Silk Skirts, trimmed deep muslin flounce, in Pink, Sky, and Mauve	35/0	12/9
Costumes	50 Smart Tailor-made Coats and Skirts, in useful shades of Blues and Fawns	40 to 90 fr.	21/-	Dress Robes (Unmade)	Model Robes in Cloth of varied designs and colours Handsome Cloth Robes, tucked and trimmed with self-coloured worsted Lace	50/6 to 60/6	29/6 to 39/6		75 Nun's Veiling Nightdresses, with Turn-down Collars, hand-made, in Pink, Sky, and Cream	15/0	8/11
	25 smart useful Dresses in Navy, Green, Brown, &c., stylish and well-trimmed	100 to 125 fr.	52/6		300 French Marabout Stoles, best Feather, with natural twist. Colours: Natural, Brown, and Black, eight tails, length 2½ yards. 2½ yards long, 14/9; White, 21/9 and 29/6. Shaped Muffs to match, 14/9.	18/11	12/6		150 Paris Hand-made Nun's Veiling Knickers, trimmed Silk Embroidery. In Pink, Cream, and Sky	8/11	4/11½
	50 Smart Tweed Navy and Black Walking Skirts, arranged in pleats, made from a superior quality material	—	21/-	Feather Stoles & Muffs				Boleros	550 French Boleros, Black Silk Braids and Black Sequin. All one price	6/11 & 8/11	1/11½
Girls' Dresses	Special purchase. 150 Girls' Dresses, for ages 7 to 14, all new and fresh, only just made, bought at 50 per cent. off manufacturer's cost, in all useful winter shades	15/9 to 52/6	7/6 to 25/6						Ladies' two-button Chevrete Suede Gloves, in Black sewn White, Light Beavers, Dark Beavers, and Tans	—	1/8 per pair 6 pairs for 9/3
	73 Black, Black and Steel, and White Net and Mousseline-de-Soie Robes	65/9 to 35/9	39/6 to 21/9								

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

The Winter Wardrobe; Home Dressmaking; Shopping.

HINTS FOR A WINTER WARDROBE.

FOR THE ECONOMICALLY MINDED.

It is a mistake to imagine that in order to be well-dressed it is necessary to be extravagant. As a matter of fact, quite the contrary is the case, and very often those who spend least on their toilette appear to most advantage because they exercise tact and discrimination in the selection of their wardrobe. For a woman of moderate means who desires to invariably give the impression of being smart, a wise measure is to select a colour and remain faithful to it throughout an entire season. This enables her to have all such accessories as hats, veils, and petticoats *en suite*, for sartorial success largely depends upon these trifles.

What Not to Do.

The other day a lady got into a first-class carriage on the Underground Railway, wearing a stylish blue costume, crowned by a chic toque and veil in the same useful and becoming shade; but, alas! the combined efforts of both couturiere and modiste were marred, owing to the deplorable fact that she committed the fatal error of donning black suede gloves with broad bands of white stitching up the backs. One felt such a woman would be capable of affecting a red blouse with a brown skirt, and when selecting pink would be sure to hit upon the wrong shade. If a dress allowance be of slender proportions, its owner will do well to avoid extremes of fashion, as these quickly date and are soon démodé. The appropriate should be studied in all things.

A Perplexing Problem.

As winter is rapidly approaching and she realises that the makeshifts which have done duty during the demi-saison will no longer serve, the woman of average means is confronted by the perplexing problem of what to get in the way of gowns? Reluctantly she acknowledges to herself that she may not further delay in deciding upon a knockabout suit. On the whole, she cannot do better than let her choice fall upon a costume of dark serge or tweed made with a short walking skirt. The latter can either be kilted or round in shape, trimmed about the bottom with a series of horizontal, mitre-pointed tabs, decorated, if elaboration be desired, by tiny buttons.

The coat looks smart, pouching above a high belt of leather, suede, or faced cloth, while the sloping shoulders can be plain or display capes, as the fancy of the wearer dictates, while a waistcoat may with advantage be inserted, trimmed with numerous buttons. For the afternoon a visiting costume of velvet or corduroy, specially commends itself, the skirt of which just reaches to the ground, the sleeves revealing frills of lace, and a lace jabot falling from the throat. Then a broad stole of fur, marabout, or ostrich feathers is quite in order, accompanied by a large, flat muff. In fact, among winter modes the prevalence of the stole is one of the most noticeable features, and no wardrobe can be considered complete without one.

A black evening dress is indispensable for dinner and theatre wear. This is useful, if contrived from crêpe de Chine, severely elegant if inspired by louisine, and ethereal, though very seductive, when fashioned from chiffon. It is well to keep this frock entirely black, as it is then easy to completely change its character by adding a bertha or fichu of real lace, and if possible

the merest touch of fur near the décolletage. It is astonishing what wonders can be worked by the least scrap of sable or mink in such a capacity.

When the gown is worn without other adornment a scarf is a distinct improvement. Particularly lovely are some Oriental ones of fine black silk net, studded with tiny gold beads, the same things being equally effective in white and silver. While altogether delightful are beautiful Chinese scarves of delicately tinted gauze, hand embroidered in butterflies and flower designs in the exquisitely harmonious colour schemes peculiar to Art in the Far East. Then, for the woman who dances, a ball gown is a necessity. Here, again, she will do well to select something that is not too remarkable and which she may metamorphose by changing the shade of the waist belt, bows and flowers.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

RUSS, BOND STREET.

There are furriers and furriers, and yet again furriers. But only the few stand prominently at the top, and these nowadays are the few, who, like Russ, are not merely furriers but also couturières.

There is a quite singularly nice feeling here in the matter of cut and style, with just the little more that means so much in point of detail. To be recalled with infinite pleasure is a sable coat, carrying a great collar of the same pelt, round at the back, the points finishing in stole ends, decked very discreetly with tassels. A feature

of filmy muslin and lace mingling to form one diaphanous whole, which stands for the moment the ideal of our heart's most attractive dream.

That Paris is the source whence these treasures flow is a fact well known, and a Paris model carries its own exclusive price. Or such at least is the ordinary acceptance of affairs. But the great house of Whiteley



SKETCHED AT WHITELEY'S.

is prepared to offer the owners of more slender purses the unique opportunity of procuring exceptional French models — secured through quite special privileges — at less than the original cost of the Paris production. Now this sale extraordinary commences on Monday, November 9th, continuing throughout the week. And includes, in addition to the tea-gown taken as a text, mantles, costumes, blouses, millinery, lingerie, etc. In fact, it will be Paris in London throughout this establishment for one glorious week, and Paris moreover at its best.

With the evening moment at its height there is every justification in rich silk colienne robes at 59s. 6d., a particularly dressy example of black sequin net with flounces of mousseline de soie coming out at 59s. 6d. Nearly 200 cream and old lace shade robes are to be sold at 23s. 6d., and teagowns run from three to six guineas.

Prior, however, to visiting the sale, it would be well to peruse the admirably compiled catalogue, the same medium permitting those resident in the country to participate equally in this rare opportunity.



CHARMING SAILOR COSTUME

of brown souple cloth, piped with velvet, the cape trimmed with diamond motifs of ficelle lace.

NO. 3. GIRL'S VELVET FROCK.

This is a particularly nice suggestion for a girl's best frock, in sapphire blue or Indian red, completed by a fine embroidered lawn collar and cuffs. Quantity of velveteen required for a girl of six to eight years, five yards.

Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3½d.

NO. 4. LITTLE BOY'S CLOTH COAT.

Especially designed for a laddie from two to four years in bright scarlet frieze, trimmed black Astrakhan and black silk Bradenburgs. Quantities of double width material two yards, fur three and a quarter yards. Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3½d.

also is made by extraordinarily long and supremely handsome stoles of pointed fox; these are disposed with the heads crossed at the back, while the brush frequently almost sweeps the floor. The muffs, of course, are equally magnificent, and serve to complete a furry set literally to be described as regal. Mole Musquash again creates many desirable stoles, pelermes and muffs. And thus, in brief, is the tale of furs at this admittedly leading Bond-street house.

WHITELEY'S, WESTBOURNE-GROVE.

The woman has yet to be born who does not crave the possession of some poetic teagown. Though, alas! it is only given to the few to possess the really artistic creation, the thing

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.



No. 3.—GIRL'S VELVETEEN FROCK.



No. 4.—LITTLE BOY'S CLOTH COAT.



COOKERY ABOVE STAIRS.

THE CHAFING DISH.

The chafing dish is a constant source of delight which we owe to the practical inventiveness of the Americans.

It is one of those importations which make us thankful that Columbus discovered America.

Happily for those who like cookery or who must cook their own dainty dishes it is also quickly becoming acclimatised in England, and can be bought from 12s. 6d. at any first-class ironmonger's. It is made respectively of nickel-plated, silver-plated, and of polished copper, and consists of a stand, in the lower part of which is placed a spirit lamp, above that a round water pan or *bain-marie*, and over that a saucepan-shaped dish with a lid.

It is not, of course, necessary to use the water pan always. This is only useful when something has to be kept warm or is one of those dishes which can only be cooked in an external lining of hot water, such as custard, for instance.

The lamp also may be used with its lid entirely off or with only the centre portion (about the size of a florin) open. A little ebony handle is provided to regulate this or to turn off the light altogether. The stove is filled with asbestos and lighted with spirit; but the process is as different from the lighting of our homely spirit stoves as it will can be, and the chafing dish is quite a decorative piece of furniture for a sideboard. Innumerable good things can be made upon

it, and eggs cooked in every form, boiling and poaching being, of course, the most elementary of all the processes.

Fried eggs and bacon also suggest themselves to the merest tyro. Omelets are produced most successfully. And here it may be as well to say that English cooks invariably spoil their omelets by adding milk to the eggs, which makes them pale and "stodgy." In France, the land of the *omelette*, a spoonful of water is used instead, which greatly lightens the mixture.

Great changes can be rung on omelets by adding to the raw mixture chopped parsley, chopped mushrooms, pieces of raw mutton, kidney, or chopped ham or tongue, or cold cooked asparagus points, peas, or chopped onions to the mixture. Or if a sweet omelet let the jam be folded in after it is cooked.

Eggs à la Soufflée are hard boiled eggs warmed up in a sauce made of milk (in which an onion has been removed), thickened with flour and butter.

Eggs à la Casserole are hard boiled eggs cut in half, put into the pan with a lump of butter, and boiled new (or any kind of waxy) potato cut about the size of the half eggs, pepper, salt, and a quarter of a pint of cream.

Anything which can be curried on a stove can be curried on a chafing dish.

FILLETS OF SOLE can be either fried in egg and bread crumbs in the dish or be stewed in cream or sauce. An instance is *sole à l'australis*, which is prepared as follows: Simmer the trimmings of the sole in half a pint of milk for fifteen minutes. Strain, add salt, pepper, a bay leaf, thicken with an ounce of flour and an ounce of butter, then put in the fillets, rolled and skewered, and simmer until they are cooked. Serve hot and thickly sprinkle it with grated Parmesan cheese.

STEWED OYSTERS are favourites for this style of cooking. Put half a pint of milk in a chafing dish; when hot add a dozen oysters, half a tablespoon of butter, pepper and salt, simmer for five minutes. A gill of cream added to the rest makes this dish especially good.

OYSTERS, FRIED IN BATTER.—Make a batter of three eggs well beaten, three tablespoons of milk, the juice of twelve oysters, one tablespoon of flour and salt. Put 4oz. of butter into the pan, and while it is boiling take the oysters one by one in a teaspoon and dip them into the batter; then drop them into the boiling butter and fry a rich brown. This makes an excellent breakfast dish.

CHEESE FONDUE is a good savoury. It requires a tablespoonful of butter, a small cup of fresh milk, a cup of fine bread crumbs, two cups of grated cheese, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, cayenne, and two eggs. Melt the butter in the chafing dish, add all the other ingredients save the eggs, stir constantly. Just before serving add the eggs lightly beaten.

There are accessories to the dish (but not many and not costly), the most notable of which is a toaster to fit the stand.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a separate sheet, and must be addressed to—

"The 'Daily Mirror,'
2, Carmelite-street,
London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 12.

£100,000 FOR READERS

OF

THE "DAILY MIRROR."

A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000.

In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital involved in entirely novel methods, by which the readers and private advertisers will co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

£500 FOR A POSTCARD.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present our first

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £200.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of the awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,

THE DAILY MIRROR,

2, Carmelite-street,

LONDON, E.C.

CHAPTER II.

Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper and the last to go. The obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circulating. We propose to spend little on canvassing and in circulating, but to invest a large sum of money in presents for distribution among the private advertisers themselves.

Every private advertiser calling at 45 and 46, New Bond-street, after twelve o'clock on Monday next will, until further notice, receive a valuable gift.

The price of the following advertisements is twelve words, or less, for 1s. 6d., each additional word 1d.

Wanted.	Houses to be Let or Wanted.	Housemaids Wanted or Waiting Places.
Apartment to be Let or Wanted.	Parlourmaids Wanted or Waiting Places.	General Servants Wanted or Waiting Places.
Secretaries Wanted or Waiting Places.	Coachmen Wanted or Waiting Places.	Grooms Wanted or Waiting Places.
Governesses Wanted or Waiting Places.	Chauffeurs Wanted or Waiting Places.	Kitchenmaids Wanted or Waiting Places.
Housekeepers Wanted or Waiting Places.	Butlers Wanted or Waiting Places.	Sill-room Maids Wanted or Waiting Places.
Valets Wanted or Waiting Places.	Cooks Wanted or Waiting Places.	

and all requiring servants or servants requiring places. No present will be given until an advertisement has been proved to be bona-fide.

LACY

CORSETS, BLOUSES, LINGERIE.

11, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.



"Lacie" Corsets, as Illustrated, for improving and developing slight figures.

Price, from 25s.

NOTE.—Madame Lacy's goods are made specially for her customers in her own workrooms, and not purchased from wholesale manufacturers. Only the best materials are employed.

J. W. ELVERY & Co.'s

NEW RAIN-COATS.



21/-, 25/6, 30/-.
In HARRIS, TONNARD, and HODGKINS. A Selection of Coats sent on approval on receipt of Business References. New Patterns and particulars by Return of Post. Mailed on Stamp. Price 7d. and 12d.

31, CONDUIT STREET

(One door from New Bond Street), LONDON, W. Also at 44 and 47, Lower Saville Street, 181, Nassau Street, DUBLIN; and 10, 12, Patrick Street, COBLENZ.

"Famous for Overmantels."

WILLIAM SPRIGGS & CO. Ltd.

Furniture, Carpets, Overmantels.

"The Practical Book of Furniture." Post free.

Lowest Cash Prices. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS IN LONDON.

238, 239, 240, 241, Tottenham-court-road, London, W.

HALF A MINUTE, COOK!

The Children's Health is as important as Master's "Little Mary."

Don't Forget to Order

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR

SOAP.

It Protects from all Infection

4d. a Tablet.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 6.—SULTANE DE MARRONS GLACES.

By M. Victor Herpin, chef of Claridge's Hotel.

Take chestnuts, *glacés* in the ordinary manner; divide the quantity taken into three parts; sprinkle one part with pink powdered sugar, a second with white sugar, and let the third be *glacés à la chocolate*.

Oil the inside of a double cylindrical mould, with double walls, fitting one into the other, arrange the marrons en *couronne*, making them adhere to one another with sugar *cuit au cassé*. Alternate the colours of the marrons so as to form a spiral design. When the mould is thus half-full fill it with a stiff *crème de Chantilly*, and continue to add more marrons; finally fill with a *purée de marrons à la crème*. Place the mould, upside down, on a base of *fâte d'office*; remove the mould a quarter of an hour later; decorate *à la crème Chantilly*, surmounting all with an aigrette *en sucre filé*. The base should be surrounded with *sucre Rocher*.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning tasks of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Friday evening.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Sole, Lemon Sole, Plaice, Brill, Cod, Dorset, Sea-bass, Smelts, Shrimps, Oysters, Mullet, Halibut.
Poultry and Game.
Turkeys, Turkey Poults, Geese, Ducks, Wild Ducks, Chickens, Hares, Rabbits, Woodcock, Snipe, Wildgeon, Pheasant, Partridge, Grouse.
Meat.
Mutton, Beef, Pork, Veal, House Lamb.
Vegetables.
Chicory, Corn Salad, Spinach, Asparagus, French Beans, Celery, Brussels Sprouts, Onions, Leeks, Tomatoes, Cauliflowers.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Californian Apples, English Apples, Medlars, Lychees, Melons, Figs, Pineapples, Pomegranates, Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

White Lilac with its delicate green leaves is among the favourite flowers for the dinner table.

White and yellow Daisies are quite inexpensive in contrast to Lilies of the Valley and the delicately shaded Orchids.

Plants and Cut Flowers for the House. Tall White Lilies, Tinted Oak and Beech Leaves.

Chrysanthemums of all colours. It is now time to set the Hyacinth bulbs either in glasses in water, or in those delightful Japanese bowls in small pebbles.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAPTAIN PHILIP CHESNEY.—A young officer who has been living outside his income.
MARTIA CHESNEY.—His wife.
SIR JOHN CHESNEY.—Captain Chesney's father. A man with a secret.
COLONEL JOSELYN.—A man with a bad character socially, but a great soldier.
FATHER LYLE.—A Catholic priest and Sir John's father confessor.
DETMOULD.—A man with millions and no morals. Captain Chesney's chief creditor.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued.

"I may not be, after all, Philip—for years. However hard my part is, I shall welcome it. "If you live," said his son—"men will pity you. You are old. But I have all my life to live; and I have done nothing. No," he added fiercely, "you have no right to ruin my life."

There was a silence.
"You are determined?" asked Philip, hoarsely.

"Yes—my boy, believe me, there is no other way."

"Have you thought of what it will mean to you? It is easy to talk of renunciation in the abstract; but the hard facts are very different. After all, what have you denied yourself, since you embraced this religion, that you have often told me has changed your whole being, and turned your thoughts from the world? You turned out your furniture and brought these things in. The chairs are rather uncomfortable, and you have pictures instead of statues, and no carpets on the floor; but it is all just as good to look at. At least, I suppose so. None of these things appeal to me; but I have heard people rave about this room since you have changed it. And, as to that chapel of yours, what more does the most luxurious beauty have about her but marbles and flowers and lights? Where does the denial come in? In the other rooms of the house you see pictures and prints and books, and all the things you used to collect. You eat good food and drink good wine. You have a carriage and a garden; you have everything you want. You tell me your heart has changed; that you have been mercifully led out of darkness into light, and I believe you; but this new state of your soul has not stood any test yet. You will have to leave this house and all the things you care for, and all the comforts that your delicate health requires. Clowes will probably not prosecute; but, even if you don't go to prison, you will have nowhere to lay your head, unless you go to the workhouse, or live on Martia, who is the person you have most wronged of all."

"You need not fear, Philip; I shall not be a burden on your wife," Sir John interrupted, with a touch of cold dignity in his voice that sprang up rebellious under the habit of humility that he had imposed upon himself. "I have thought of all those things; it would be a poor atonement that required no sacrifice. I deserve all your reproaches; I have been very weak. But, tell me, you, who are so strongly opposed to my confession, you are a man of honour, an officer, whose courage and chivalry have already been highly praised—would you then be satisfied to continue to enjoy these things that I stole and that do not belong to you?"

"That is not fair," flashed Philip. His quick temper was aflame again. "You gave them to me—the name that I have borne, the position that I have occupied, the money that I have spent; you gave me more than that, and I challenge you to deny it—you gave me the Chesney spirit, the love of their traditions, the pride in their brave deeds. I declare that I am a Chesney rather than anything else. It makes no difference if it was a lie that made me one. If I live to be a hundred years old, and remain Philip Chesney, I shall never feel that I am a thief. You see, your deception was so thorough that it has become truth in your son." Again there was a long silence; and then Philip asked again—
"You are still determined?"

And again Sir John replied: "Yes, there is no other way."

Philip walked back to the window. There was a thunder-cloud on his brow, and a dogged obstinacy in the set of his lips and the lift of his chin, that made his handsome face look almost brutal. He stood staring straight out into the night, his whole being straining to find some means of forcing his father to abandon this mad and hysterical idea.

Meanwhile, the old man was sunk in a painful reverie. His son's words had gone home. It was true that he had denied himself nothing; he had sacrificed nothing of that highly-trained sense of beauty, the satisfaction of which had been the chief aim of his mature years.

Was it not that very love of the beautiful that had first caused him to drift into the religion that had afterwards taken such a firm hold on his nature that, through its teaching, he had been led to ardently desire to make atonement for a sin unrepented of for more than thirty years? Was it not in wandering through Italy in search of objects of art for his small but choice collection that he had become more and more attracted by the Churches and their ritual, and there that he had been led to inquire into and study the faith that he had embraced with such a neophyte's fervour at the age when generally a man's faith has become a calm habit, or rusty with disuse?

Was it not that very sense of beauty that had been touched by the music, by the gorgeous ceremonies; by the incense, the symbolism, embellished by Art hoary with tradition; by the whole grandiose spectacle of this mighty House of God, triumphant through all the ages, threatened and imperilled by enemies from without and by strife within, but never losing her hold over the imaginations and the souls of men?

Yes, it was true; what had he denied himself? The comfortable cushions of an armchair, the softness of a carpet. This room was just as beautiful to him in its monkish austerity as when it had been filled with bibelots.

It was only a change of decoration. Many a man, just for a whim, not because his heart had turned from the vanities of the world, would have placed the delicate, austere lines of Lippi's Annunciation above the mantel-shelf, instead of the marble Antinous, with his sleepy, earth-bound beauty and the lotos on his brow. In all other things he had gained, in the companionship of the deeply-learned and cultured Father Lyle, in the possession of a faith that satisfied his spiritual nature and promised him future beatitude, while it in no way forbade that cult of beauty to which he had dedicated his manhood's prime. Through all the years of his frank Paganism there had been something stirring in the depths of his nature, restless, ever unsatisfied; and now he found the object of that vague yearning; a religion, a Faith, the humble adoration of a supreme sacrifice for the whole world, made two thousand years ago.

It was true that he had perhaps not realised fully how much he must give up by making confession of his sin, and restoring the name and place that he had stolen. But he was ready to give it all up; he was ready to suffer social ostracism, poverty, want, the pointing finger of the world—any burden that might be laid upon him as punishment. Philip did not understand the depth and sincerity of his repentance. Ah! if he could only suffer alone!

When at last he raised his head from his clasped hands, his son was looking at him, still from the window, with a different, softened expression on his face.
"Father," said "what good will you do by this confession?"

"Good? It is good in itself."
"Lead religion out of the question. What good will it do to anyone? Lord Clowes, you say, will add the title to his others. The money—it is little enough—can be nothing to him. He is fabulously rich."

"Philip, don't you understand that if there were no relatives of Jack Chesney's living on the face of the earth, I must still tell the truth?"

"It will do no good," muttered the young man, sullenly. "I'm sorry to seem hard. I suppose you can't see it, but it's selfish—selfish!"

"Philip," said the old man, with a sudden waning of the feverish energy that had animated him. "I had hoped that you would help me. All the things that you say—they are true in a way, but they don't count. They don't count!" he repeated, loudly, as if to stifle a dawning doubt that had whispered in his ears. For he was beginning to see this thing, not in an enthusiastic vision, but as a hard matter of fact, and he shuddered at the ruin he was going to bring on his beloved son.

"No, I will not help you," cried Philip, passionately. "It is I who am most wronged; you have dragged me into this deception. I am the aggrieved party. You must be guided by me, and I forbid you to speak."
A spasm of pain contracted Sir John's white face. When it had passed, he spoke in a whisper.

"The time is short, Philip. I have had many warnings lately. I feel that the end is not far off. In the morning, my boy, you will think differently. Try to forgive me! To-morrow I must go to Clowes—yes, the time is getting short."

"To-morrow! No, by Heaven, you shall not!" Philip's eyes lit in a sudden blaze of passion. He advanced towards his father with clenched fists, his voice shook with concentrated fury; but it was a white heat, and he had regained his self-control. "You shall not make this absurd confession; you shall not ruin me to satisfy yourself."

"Philip," pleaded his father, faintly, "will you let me die without—"

"I don't believe in that," the young man interrupted. "Whether you confess or not, when you die, you will have to account for your deeds on earth."

"Philip—"

"I have made up my mind, you shall not do it; you shall not ruin me. I will prevent it; I will lock you up, I will keep you a prisoner, I will—"

"Philip—my son!" The old man's voice trailed off into a husky moan. He fell back, panting, in his chair. After a short, sharp struggle for breath, he managed to whisper: "It is the end. Send for Father Lyle. Send at once!" Then he sank back inertly into Philip's arms, his face chalky, a bluish tinge on his lips.

Philip laid him in his chair, and snatched up a little phial from the table, containing

drops to be administered when these attacks came on.

As he held the stopper in one hand, he hesitated, transfixed. An awful thought crept, like a slimy reptile, across his brain. He looked down on the supine figure, on the chalk-white head heavy on the leather cushions. It was more like death than unconsciousness. His father must die soon. He knew it; all the doctors said so. A few more drops of this reviving drug than were prescribed and—

He must die soon; perhaps to-night—he had said he felt the end was near. If death came now, then that confession would never be made.

CHAPTER VIII.

Several seconds passed before Philip Chesney realised, with a start of overwhelming horror, that what was in his heart was murder, the most hideous form of murder—paricide.

During those seconds his brain worked with abnormal clearness and celerity, and he saw, with the indifference of an impersonal being, how intensely to his advantage it would be if his father died then and there.

If he lived, there was nothing that could prevent him from carrying out his determination of confessing that completely successful imposture that he had maintained for more than a quarter of a century. There was no way of averting ruin, complete, disgraceful, and irredeemable. It was all very well for him, Philip, to threaten with melodramatic vigour to prevent it, but he was quite powerless. His strongest arguments, his prayers, his threats, they were all weapons harmless against the old man's obstinate resolve that could be shaken by no earthly considerations, born as it was of six months' continuous devotional exercises, and of the desire, inherent in every man who nears the end of his life's pilgrimage, for conciliation with Heaven.

It meant ruin, then, at this point, when all his difficulties were smoothing themselves out. When Lewis Detmold was dead, and his heir had displayed no knowledge of Captain Chesney's considerable gaming debt. It meant good-bye to the regiment, to his career, to everything that made life worth living, and a search for some hole to hide in some far corner of the earth. It meant a long existence dragged out miserably, hopelessly, and even his love for his wife poisoned by the fear that they might have a child to inherit his shame. It meant all that a human heart could hold of bitterness, of blighted hopes, of disappointment, of killing monotony—unless his father died before he could confess.

There was a gentle tap at the door, and Martia looked in; she stood for a moment on the threshold; and then, seeing him standing with the little phial in his hand, strangely immovable, she came quickly to his side.

She gave a little cry of distress on seeing Sir John's seemingly inanimate form, which Philip's figure had hidden when she stood by the door.

"Oh, Phil, another attack!" she exclaimed. "Yes—the drops, quick! They act like magic. Why have you not poured them out? Are you afraid of your hand shaking? Shall I do it?"

And then the great reaction came, and Philip realised that for a moment he would have killed his father. He handed her the little phial, and he trembled all over at his deliverance.

"Yes, do it," he murmured. "I—I am afraid my hand would have shaken."

"Poor Phil, it upset you—seeing him go off," she murmured, after she had measured out the drops into a little glass cup, and he had helped her to force them between Sir John's crisscrossed, blue-tinged lips.

These attacks are so alarming. Did it come on suddenly, while you were talking?"

"Yes; barely a minute ago." She looked at her with humble adoration. She was beautiful and pale in her simple white gown, and her face looked to him like an angel's, with that compassionate sorrow in her grey eyes. Had she not come as his deliverer?

Very gradually the drug acted on Sir John. The faintest tinge of colour came back into his face, his eyelids fluttered; he breathed faintly, but regularly. Philip took the frail form in his strong arms and carried him into the next room and laid him on his bed, loosening the linen about his throat.

"I had better send for the doctor at once," said Martia when he came back.

"Yes, and please send Henry up to help me undress him—and Martia—"

She paused at the door, and looked at him in some alarm. She thought his voice sounded so strange, and he seemed to find words with difficulty.

"Yes?"

"Send another of the servants at once for Father Lyle."

"Oh, Phil, you don't think it is serious—not so serious as that!"

"But I know he wanted to see him. We were just talking about him. And you know—he is always happier when Father Lyle is with him."

Martia left the room without a word; and Philip went back to his father.

When, with the help of Sir John's valet, he had settled him comfortably in his bed, he sent the man away, and waited alone for the doctor to come.

Sir John lay with his blue eyes open, but so still, so lifeless, that Philip bent down every few minutes in wild alarm to listen to the faint breathing.

He lived, but he made no effort to speak. His eyes were fixed on his son, but without expression.

To be Continued on Monday.

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"DAILY MIRROR"**SERMONETTE, No. 1.**SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THIS
PAPER.By the ARCHDEACON of LONDON.
ROM. V., 5.—"Hope maketh not ashamed."

THINK we all feel the need of Hope, shining steadily before us amidst the undoubted gloom and mystery of the close of life.

Such a principle is absolutely essential to stir our character to do its best. To do its best, to live at its best, is our object, for whatever we undertake to train.

To show their most consummate bloom, we cultivate flowers; to arrive at the perfection of their nature, and do their utmost in our service, we improve horses and the other domestic animals.

It would be contrary to the whole tendency of Nature, the whole meaning of Creation, if this capacity for the highest development were to stop at humankind. You instinctively expect human beings to wish to be noble, good, generous, public-spirited; to be unselfish, just, honest, kind-hearted. But without such an illuminating and inspiring Hope it is very certain that they will be nothing of the kind.

Again: you want the invigorating and consoling expectation of seeing once more the beloved faces of those who have passed into the unseen world; your father, mother, husband, your little child. Without that expectation, grief and bereavement, as life goes on, would be quite intolerable. You want the spur to your actions and your conscience which is given you by the conviction that you will one day have to give account before the judgment-seat of God. In the sorrows, privations, and disappointments which all of us, in one way or another, have to undergo in the course of this life on earth, you need the intuitive feeling to buoy you up that in the far-off future beyond the veil there is a good time coming, when all inequalities will be made even, all poverty forgotten, all misunderstandings cleared up, all sorrow cheered, and when tears will be wiped away from off all faces.

In front of all the labours which come to most of us day after day with unremitting re-

gularity and severity, you need the quiet, encouraging assurance that there remains a rest for the people of God; or, at least, such a variety, freshness, and glory of occupation on the errands of God, as will cause neither fatigue nor satiety. Amongst all the temptations which surround us to be slothful, selfish, lovers of pleasure, to care for ourselves and not for others, not to be at the trouble of thinking for other people, you need the persuasion that it is worth while to lead laborious lives of kindness, to be unwearied in well-doing, to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to clothe the shivering, to make the heart of the widow and the orphan to rejoice, to make homes for the homeless, to educate the ignorant, to reclaim the vicious, to drive out the evil spirits from the criminal; because they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of God; because verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.

Above, all, you need a calm, sure, abiding hope which will make you respect yourself and your own conscience. Without such a hope, your conscience would soon be languid, somnolent, despairing, useless. It would soon be tired of trying to tell you what is right and wrong, because you would never listen to it. What a hapless state is that of those who have ceased to respect themselves, whose mind is full of nothing but the memory and the persistent consciousness of failings and defections, who have done harm instead of good to the character of those who have come across their path, and whose only interest has been to discover new refinements of self-pleasing!

To save you from this you need the grand, simple truths of revelation. The Faith that there is a Perfect Being, whom we call God or Good, who has planted in our minds by various means the difference between right and wrong; that He is ever present, and His eye never sleeps; that He has placed us here for a purpose, and for the perfecting of our character; and that as there is clearly a general law in the creation tending towards perfection and goodness, so His will is that we, the crown of His creative scheme, the free agents of His own begetting, should obey that law, and thus become fit to live in His Presence for ever, in the ideal world of Truth and Reality, of Light and Love, and of Peace beyond the grave.

**WHERE THE SUN IS
SHINING.****LISBON AND MALAGA FOR THE
WINTER.**

With the advent of sleet, rain, and fog, which, say the experts, we are to expect in England for the next ten years, most of us are turning our thoughts southwards, and questioning with much hesitation where to go.

To the Riviera and Italy flows the general stream, in quest mainly of pleasure and sunshine. But everyone does not wish to go where everyone goes, so let Lisbon be introduced as a possible destination, and also Malaga.

A Paradise for Artists.

These and other places as beautiful are now radiant in sunshine, and nearly as accessible to England, since we have fast steamers in all directions, linking up what were formerly inaccessible localities, as are the Riviera resorts. Lisbon, whose winter climate is second to none, is a capital pre-eminent for the natural beauty of its situation. Those who have been there, and how comparatively few they are, consider the situation as a health resort unrivalled. For, situated in and upon a fine amphitheatre of hills, the city looks down on a view of surpassing splendour, terrace-like in arrangement, with wide views of the Tagus, while below lies the beautiful, picturesque harbour, with scenes the artist will find fascinating for the sketch book. So clear is the atmosphere that the camera devotee will find it a most excellent negative-maker.

Not far from Lisbon is Mont Estoril, a comparatively newly-opened winter resort, in another most beautiful situation facing the sea, and also at the mouth of the Tagus.

Spain and Brilliant Skies.

Another rapidly rising southern health resort is Malaga, with Spain stamped indelibly on every feature, exquisitely situated on a Mediterranean bay, dry and warm in winter as heart can wish. The fertility of the surrounding country is in itself a voucher for fine climate. Lemons, oranges, grapes, figs, every fruit suggested by a warm and sunny atmosphere are there. The headquarters of the export fruit trade, few places in Spain vie with Malaga in artistic features. For the invalid who wants open-air life, this is no doubt a valuable locality. But also for the strong, the athlete, and good walker, the country will afford many a charming ramble, with views in clear, sunny weather of distant Africa. Limonar and Coleta are the districts preferred by invalids.

**A POEM YOU OUGHT
TO KNOW.****"THE PATHWAY OF GOLD."**

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
As I sit on the sand, and she on my knees,
To watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter—
My sweet little daughter Louise!
We wonder what city the pathway of glory
That broadens away to the limitless west
Leads up to; she minds her of some pretty story,
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far-away City—
The beautiful City of Rest!"
In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand thou—in the shadow of whispering trees;
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise!
She steps to the boat at the touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamond pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance—it lingers—
It waits! but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city—
The magical City of Love!

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait, but to welcome the dust of my daughter—
To weep for my daughter Louise!
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendour,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod,
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender—
Sweet clay!—to lie under the pitiful sod!
But she rests at the end of the path—in the City,
Whose "builder and maker is God!"

Homer Greene.

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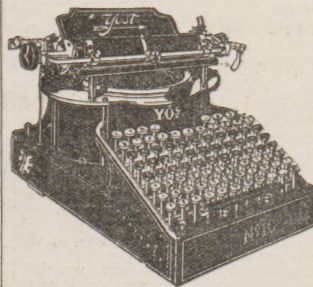
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